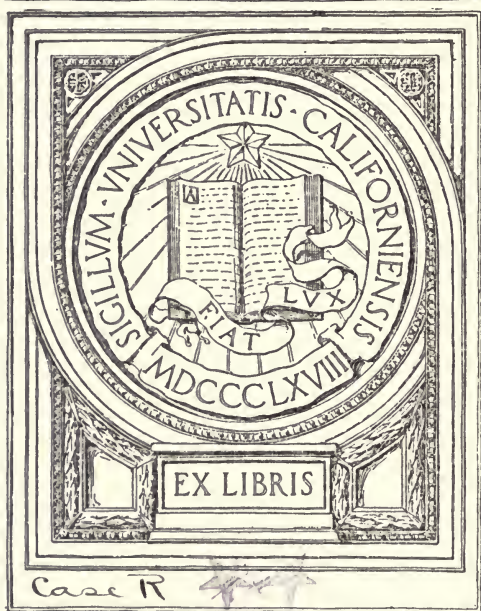


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THE GROVE PLAYS
OF THE
BOHEMIAN CLUB

*Of Volumes I, II, and III of this Collected Edition of
The GROVE PLAYS of the BOHEMIAN CLUB
thirty-one sets have been printed on hand-made paper,
of which this set is*

N^o. 13



THE FALL OF UG

THE FAIRIES

The GROVE PLAYS *of* THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
PORTER GARNETT

VOLUME III

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UNIVERSITY OF
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CONTENTS

THE FALL OF UG (1913)	I
NEC-NATAMA (1914)	69
APOLLO (1915)	123
GOLD (1916)	175
THE LAND OF HAPPINESS (1917)	237

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR

THE FALL OF UG	
The Fairies	<i>Frontispiece</i>

NEC-NATAMA	FACING PAGE
The Dance of the Priests	69

APOLLO	
Maleficus	123

GOLD	
Destiny, Evil Impulse, and Good Impulse	175

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS	
Fei-Yen-Fah and the Fox-God	237

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

	FACING PAGE
A SCENE FROM "THE FALL OF UG"	30
A SCENE FROM "NEC-NATAMA"	102
A SCENE FROM "APOLLO"	150
A SCENE FROM "GOLD"	218
A SCENE FROM "THE LAND OF HAPPINESS"	252

THE PLAYS

THE ELEVENTH GROVE PLAY
[PERFORMED ON THE NINTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1913]

THE FALL OF UG
A Masque of Fear

BY
RUFUS STEELE
WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER
HERMAN PERLÊT

RUFUS STEELE
SIRE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IT is inconceivable that our grove should not always have been the meeting place extraordinary of the men who occupied the country roundabout. Our lace-hung, purple-coated trees were, to the first men who knew them, as awesomely venerable as they are to us. Always they must have played the patriarchs to every moving creature. The yester-men knew their appeal. A cycle can have brought no change in that appeal, but only in men's progress toward interpretation. I believe that earnestness and even periodicity marked the coming to this grove of yesterday's pretenders to its mastery; that then, as now, men courted witness everlasting to the best deed that they knew.

And who can doubt which deed it was the yester-people called their best? All early records of man's melancholy worship show him struggling to appease the Terrible. What first brought men into this temple grove except some sober ceremony to ease the common curse—some rite by which they sought to relegate old Fear?

Our trees have gazed on immemorial exorcisms meant to set men's spirits free. For us to-day they stay the snuffing blasts; they let us strike the flints of brotherhood to start our splendid flicker in the mist of dread. But those men of yesterday—they also had their hopeful flints. What was their magic like? How did they cozen or make war on Fear?

What might the trees remember if devoutly importuned? By light of moon, on wind-swept morn and in the solitude of rain I teased them for the tale. At length the red mothers could no more deny a child the thing he begged.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

When I had turned the vision into stumbling words, Perlêt, I called—Perlêt, who, hearing with the blessed ear, sings in the sweeter key—and he sat with me and all the things we witnessed wrote he down in language of the soul. Our joy lies in the sharing of the tale. And if the patient one that harks to us—to Perlêt's telling and to mine—reaps but a tinkling of the ear, and fails to see with inward eye some twitching of the mortal veil, then are we faulty messengers, for we ourselves stood at the veil and as we stood we thought the pall was snatched away.

Our vision touched a night that reeked with perfume as of ruddy grapes. It was the season when in these woods the year seems verily to stand still. Spring's reckless promise had been met and overpaid in leafy green; it seemed as if the crisping hand of autumn might never come at all. In that same glade of dreams we call the stage I saw the yester-men—good, swart progenitors they were—foregather in a throng. The place I barely recognized for no sweet hill-side vista rose above. A peak of grayish rock walled all that range through which our hearts to-day look up to heaven. A rock it was—but more. Some force had hewed the rock into a semblance every shuddering mortal knew to be the demon god of fear. And on the perfect night (I know not in what century it was for these trees have no sense of time) men gathered to affirm their endless subjugation to the god.

A monstrous tinge of hope was theirs. Some faith fixed by their dim forefathers told these men that if they yearly sacrificed their fairest youth to Fear, the people should be spared some measure of the daily toll they paid the god. And in the rites that my eyes looked upon the king's own son, by strange concatenation of events, was drawn to die—the Prince who loved to live!

A struggle followed such as none might ever know save one called on to die the death of fear. The Prince's father failed him, and his friends—the only priestly counsel was

THE FALL OF UG

submission! The brave youth sought a promise from the god himself that his death be the last—that royal blood should pay the final measure of demand. And then, the stony image belching no reply, the Prince rebelled and lifted up his eyes, and marveling at the assurance of the redwood tops, he prayed the grim old sentinels to become his aids.

Since man began the trees had stood confessors to his woe; a youth's beseeching eyes drew all the consolation that they knew.

They calmed him for a little space and opened his mortal senses to woodland music and to fairy creatures whose feet behaved on insubstantial air as though they tripped the ground.

Of course the beauty that assuaged could not annul the Prince's plight. The monster pressed again. The friendly trees, their feet fast in the bowels of the earth, no step might take. And yet they served. The anguished youth about to die in sacrifice saw trees no more; what had been trees were now red fingers, nameless in their size and urgency, uppointing him a strange and certain way of peace.

In a cataclysm fell old rocky Fear; but the rejoicing Prince fell not. He saved his people too. It must have been that Fear was not eternal; that men themselves had hewn its horrid form!

One would have thought the demon god was vanished from the world. And yet, the rumor runs, his visible portion lost in dust, old Fear has latterly contrived some gross perpetuation of himself within the human breast.

What exorcism now? Or must we stop at those sweet rites that set our camp-fire sputtering in the mist of dread?

The Prince might tell. But the Prince, alas, has gone. Long since has gone the last of those who saw the marvel that befell when Faith upturned her eyes and Essence called to Essence whence they sprang. All living things in all the living world are changed.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

But stay! The trees—the lone imperishables—remain. The very trees that heard the Prince's call and gave such answer back shall watch our play that tells the story of the Prince. Unchanged they look down on the waning, wondering world. Good brother, can it be that now, as then, they wait on tiptoe to uppoint a wanderer to his forfeitless estate—that they stand tireless through all time, until the last sad princeling lifts his eyes and voice to claim the eternal secret as his own?

RUFUS STEELE.

ARGUMENT

A YOUNG Prince and his hunting companions follow a stag through a forest on Midsummer Day. They pause before a colossal stone figure of Ug, the god of fear, which has long blocked the white path leading heavenward up the hill. The people, it develops, come here this very night for the annual human sacrifice to Ug. The Prince laughs his scorn of the god of fear and, almost at the same moment, the ominous sunset shadow of the colossus falls on the young man.

Evening comes as the princely party pass on in pursuit of the stag. Furred and feathered denizens of the wood appear. Trip, the brown-faced fairy master of the grove, swings to the tail of a huge bear, but gives up his teasing to take his music lesson from a bird.

When the moon floods the place servitors arrive to prepare for the rites. Their mortal eyes are blind to Trip, but they see Ug all too plainly. Trip amuses himself by adding to their terror. Upon their departure Trip warns colossal Ug that he may not always dominate mankind, and conjures up a procession of the fallen gods of fear who at one time or another have blighted man's joyous world. When men wrestled with their fear, Trip declares, each dreadful one vanished.

As Trip runs off after his bear a party of priests arrive and a neophyte learns from the others the legend of the ancient pact which forces them to sacrifice a youth on each Midsummer Night, and of how Ug always sends a blood-red dawn to show that he is appeased. A patriarch priest recites a mythical promise of a final sacrificial night when

the victim shall lift his eyes and call some power not of earth to aid him—some power that shall utterly destroy old Ug and send a white dawn to swallow up the red in token of a nobler day.

Husbandmen, shepherds, huntsmen, warriors, king, high priest, prince, jester, scribe, nobles, lords—the world in fact — arrive and in a mighty chorus voice their trembling tribute to the god.

The King names as the new defenders of great Ug a list of youths who have done valiantly. At the chief warrior's demand the name of the proud young prince is added to the list. It is hardly intended that the Prince shall stand with other defenders before the table of secret stones by which Ug makes his choice of a victim, but at the jester's taunt the Prince leaps from the throne steps to claim his place—and presently the blackened stone falls to his royal hand!

The King protests, and so does the Prince, though not through fear of death. The high priest allows no questioning of Ug's choice. The Prince calls his father to lead in rebellion against old Ug. The high priest forces from the King's unwilling lips a story that shows the terrible consequences of revolt. The wretched Prince consents to die. Fanatics perform their wild dance of ritual. The company leaves the victim to his prayers while it feasts in a glade near by. The departing high priest offers the Prince sophist consolation; the jester offers liquor, with a song that tells him why men drink.

The deserted Prince begs Ug to promise that no other victims shall come after him, and when no answer comes, the Prince turns away and gropes helplessly among the trees. His hands encounter a mighty trunk. He sees for the first time how calmly the tree stands amidst the horrors of this place. In ecstasy he calls to the unseen spirit of the trees to bring him balm. That very call unseals the Prince's eyes to Trip, who drops down from the air. The

THE FALL OF UG

fairy tells the story of the friendly trees. He calls Ug a mere rock that men with their evil imaginings and lack of faith have carved into a terror-god. The Prince protests the awful reality of Ug, when Trip mounts to the shoulder of the colossus and lifts a nestling dove from the terrifying beak.

The Prince's ears are opened so that he hears the fairies as they pipe and call. Good Trip reveals the talismanic key growing at their feet which enables the Prince to see the dainty woodfolk as they play and spurn the ground. The transported Prince desires to fetch the King and priests and all the company to share his sparkling vision, but Trip reminds him sadly that blindness binds all of them, since none has ever lifted up his eyes and called.

Shouts tell that the company is returning to sacrifice the victim. The Prince beseeches Trip to remain, but the fairy declares this useless. He is touched by the Prince's plight and before he whisks away gives the wisest counsel he knows—he bids the needy youth anoint his eyes once more with faith and look where the redwood fingers point him.

The Prince tries to make his people understand something of what has been revealed to him, but fails utterly. In discouragement he disrobes for the sacrifice. Red dawn is already showing in the hideous face of Ug. The naked youth is lifted high by the priests to be tossed into Ug's arms, from which he must drop into the flames. Suddenly Trip's pipe is heard close by. The Prince is aroused. He struggles out of the priests' grasp, leaps to a rock and lifts up his soul to the god where point the redwood hands, declaring the ancient promise of deliverance now fulfilled in him.

The forest trembles with the thunder of Ug's doom. Lightning rends the colossus. Great Ug sinks down in bits of dust. The whited path to heaven, which so long he held fast, is seen to lead on to the joyous summit of the

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

mount. Celestial beings in majesty descend to commune with men. As the throng moves upward over the very spot where once was Ug the world chorus of rejoicing grows until it fills all space.

The red dawn that once spoke Ug's sway is swallowed in a crystal morn, the breaking of a day of which the hearts of men had hardly dared to dream.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE PRINCE	MR. RALPH L. PHELPS
FIRST COMPANION	MR. FREDERICK THOMPSON
SECOND COMPANION	MR. MARK R. DANIELS
FIRST SERVITOR	MR. FREDERICK L. BERRY
SECOND SERVITOR	MR. RUSSELL D. HOLABIRD
TRIP, <i>a fairy</i>	MR. W. H. SMITH, JR.
THE PATRIARCH PRIEST	MR. JOHN HOUSMAN
FIRST PRIEST	MR. ROBERT C. NEWELL
SECOND PRIEST	MR. HENRY L. PERRY
A YOUNG PRIEST	MR. SPENCER GRANT
THE HIGH PRIEST	MR. R. M. HOTALING
THE KING	MR. E. C. FORD
A JESTER	MR. MACKENZIE GORDON
A SCRIBE	MR. HARRY H. SMITH
THE CHIEF HUNTSMAN	MR. JEROME B. LANDFIELD
THE CHIEF WARRIOR	CAPT. HARRY S. HOWLAND
A BEAR	MR. FRANK L. CORBUSIER

GODS OF FEAR

SET, MOLOCH, MEDUSA, HUITZILOPOCHTLI, TIAMAT, BAAL,
KALI, HYDRA, ATE, HECATE, MINOTAUR, RUDRA

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

*Lords, Nobles, Servitors, Husbandmen, Shepherds, Huntsmen,
Warriors, Dancers, Fairies, Celestial Beings,
Voices of Woodfolk*

PLACE: A forest of redwood-trees.

TIME: The days when men fought with spears.

• • •

Production directed by MR FRANK L. MATHIEU.

Setting designed and executed by MR. DOUGLAS TILDEN, DR. W. A. BRYANT, MR. GRANVILLE REDMOND and MR. WYATT H. ALLEN.

Costumes designed by MR. FRANK VAN SLOUN.

Properties designed and executed by DR. HARRY P. CARLTON and MR. HARRY S. FONDA.

Dances devised and directed by MR. GEORGE B. DE LONG.

Flying directed by MR. W. H. SMITH, JR.

Lighting by MR. EDWARD J. DUFFEY.

• • •

Musical Director, MR. HERMAN PERLÊT

Chorus Master, MR. JOHN DE P. TELLER

THE FALL OF UG

A Masque of Fear

An open space at the foot of a steep hill in a forest of red-wood-trees. The trunks of the trees, limbless to a considerable height, are like mighty pillars supporting the mass of dark green foliage. Ferns of unusual size, vines, mosses and flowers, such as love sunshine that has filtered through lofty treetops, mask the hillside's rugged lines and spread a variegated carpeting. The time is late afternoon of Midsummer Day. A white road, entering from one side and turning up the hill, is completely blocked by a crudely carved, colossal statue of Ug, the god of fear. The grey stone figure, although in a sitting posture, is about seven times the height of a man. Not only does it bar the ascending path or road, but it casts upon the hillside above it a shadow suggestive of dangers unseen. The long, cruel beak of Ug is open and menacing. The forelimbs extend outward and downward; the human sacrifice cast upon the upturned palms must roll off and drop into the pit beneath, where the fire burns at sacrificial times. The colossus dominates the scene with the gloom of tragedy, even though the litter of limbs and leaves upon an incense altar and a crude throne set against a great tree indicate that there has been no recent human occupancy of the place.

[A stag bounds across the stage and makes off through the thicket. A huntsman's horn is heard, then shouting. The PRINCE enters, running, in pursuit of the stag. He gazes eagerly in the direction taken by the animal. Four of his Companions

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

arrive just as the PRINCE, appearing to catch sight of the stag, lets an arrow fly from his bow. The FIRST COMPANION slips and falls. He does not rise, and puts his hand to his knee as if in pain.

THE PRINCE

(striking his bow disgustedly)

Child's work! The eager shaft o'ersped the mark.
The stag enheartened scents the peaks. Come all!
Such noble quarry calls for noble chase.

[The PRINCE beckons to his Companions impatiently and starts off. All but the FIRST COMPANION prepare to follow him.]

FIRST COMPANION

Pray hold! My knee refuses to go on.

THE PRINCE

Then wait us here. Our backs shall be your steeds
When yonder antlered stag rides on them too.

FIRST COMPANION

Forsake me not! Though dying would I run
Ere I alone in such a place remain.

THE PRINCE

Your hurt is soon forgot. What ails this place?

[The Companions exchange glances.]

SECOND COMPANION

Good Prince, do you not see our friend lies prone
Beneath the very beak of awful Ug,
Who here blockades the path that leads to heaven?

THE FALL OF UG

THE PRINCE (*gazing at the colossus*)

Naught but the stag I saw. Why heed old Ug?
This ancient god of fear no terror holds
Save for some guileless shepherd or a child.

SECOND COMPANION

Have you forgot this is Midsummer Day?
That on this very night we send through flames
A youth to join his soul with awful Ug?

THE PRINCE

The yearly sacrifice had slipped my mind.

FIRST COMPANION

The Prince forgets because his eyes are spared.
We have observed how on Midsummer Night
The King, his father, sends him forth while all
Are at the feast; nor bids him stay to feed
His eyes upon the human offering
That marks the coming of the blood-red dawn.

THE PRINCE

Well said. Though full I know the rites that fetch
The King, the priests and people here this night,
The final scene I ne'er have looked upon;
Nor have I feared this god of fear. Too sweet
The mad pursuit of butterflies and stags;
Too dear the all engrossing cup of life
To waste a thought on creatures such as this.
When I am king I swear old Ug must fall!

SECOND COMPANION (*with alarm*)

Oh hear him not, great Ug; the Prince but jests.
No man that breathes but knows the sting of fear.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE PRINCE

Fear not for me—but stay! Perchance this night
Myself shall learn to know the dread of Ug.
My birthday anniversary it is;
The boy no more am I; behold the man!
And by the King's decree the sacrifice
No more shall be withholden from my eyes.

[The PRINCE, turning toward the colossus, snaps his fingers in derision and laughs.]

To-night I stay to laugh my scorn of thee!

FIRST COMPANION

The Prince must learn as learns the humblest man
How limitless the power of mighty Ug.

[Forgetting his knee, he scrambles to his feet.]

E'en at this moment as the day declines
Am I reminded that we must beware.
Who here that does not know the legend well,
Who does not know that man or beast or bird
Upon whom Ug's strange sunset shadow falls
Some hideous service for Ug must perform?

THE PRINCE

Have done, have done! Save nightmares for the night.
Quick mend your knee. Meanwhile let me divert
Our thoughts to things that better fit our youth.
A game I know, a game of skill and speed.
Let yonder tree be goal: let one stand here:
Another fend the crossing to the tree:
Myself shall judge and leader be. This rock
Shall serve my twice exalted station well.

(climbing upon the rock)

Prepare to run as I direct. Prepare—

THE FALL OF UG

[*As the PRINCE stands upon the rock, a deep shadow envelops him. Cries of "Oh!" "Ob-b-b!" from the Companions.*

FIRST COMPANION

Ug's sunset shadow has enwrapped the Prince!

THE PRINCE

(*leaping down and picking up his bow*)

Enough, enough of childish omens, friends.
To-night we must attend this cheerless place.
Let's now away to fresh our minds and hearts.
The challenge of the stag calls to our skill:
Ere daylight dies our bows must bring him down.
Forget old Ug! Let ardor wing our feet.

[*The PRINCE runs into the forest followed rapidly by all the others.*

INTERMEZZO

Night follows day. Twilight comes, then darkness, then moonlight. The transition is interpreted musically. The native denizens of the wood appear. The music tells the story of the life and mystery of the forest.

By daylight, darkness, and moonlight, mystical lights and shadows play over mighty Ug. During the darkness the fire-flies dance about his head. In full moonlight Ug's face is seen in weird and awful aspect. Behind and above the colossus is the dense shadow Ug casts upon the blockaded path to heaven.

Squirrels play on the redwood trees. A covey of quail whirls up from the leaves. Rabbits hop about. A coyote slinks along. The hoot of an owl and the scream of a panther

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

are heard. A huge BEAR appears. TRIP, a brown-faced fairy, swings to the BEAR's tail and teases the beast at every step. A bird appears upon the limb of a tree and begins to sing. TRIP is caught by the singing. He allows the BEAR to lumber off while he raises to his lips a small pipe dangling from his neck and takes his music lesson from the bird. When the lesson is ended the bird flies away.

TRIP (*laughing and skipping about*)

Rocky peak and lily dell
Know my skipping footsteps well.
From the whitening columbine,
From the trilliums making wine,
From the vale of flowering fern,
From the hill where poppies burn
Lately did my pathway twine,
Twisted like clematis vine.
Morning cup with bees I shared
When by foxglove wells I fared.
When at noon the shadows fled
Thimble-berries gave me bread.
All the long, mad afternoon
Wanton laurels coaxed my tune;
Danced and swayed till great-eyed deer
Through woodwardias leapt in fear.
When the moon drove out the sun
Loath was I to end the fun.
Sweet Midsummer Night holds sway—
Trip bids all the woods be gay!

[*Four Servitors enter.*

Mortals come! That see not me—
Blind to fairy folk they be!

[*TRIP skips here and there, inspecting the Servitors at close range. Their actions show them to be entirely unconscious of his presence.*

THE FALL OF UG

FIRST SERVITOR

Here sits great Ug. The place we must prepare
Ere come the priests and king and all the train.
Here you, remove this limb. Go, clear the throne.
And, you, brush off the leaves the winds have piled
Upon the altar in mock sacrifice.
Wipe up the litter fallen in a year.

[All busy themselves dragging off limbs and brushing leaves from the throne and incense altar. TRIP follows them about. He tickles the neck of one with a blade of grass. The fellow shows that he believes it was Ug that annoyed him. TRIP follows the SECOND SERVITOR and when the man has carefully removed a bough from the throne TRIP lays it back again. The man is astonished.]

SECOND SERVITOR

I move the boughs; Ug throws them back again.
Ug's strangling fingers seem to clutch my throat.
Good master, grant me leave to flee and hide!

[Trip mocks the SECOND SERVITOR's show of fright.]

FIRST SERVITOR

No hiding place there be. No dim-lit cave,
No hollowed trunk, no secret, tangled vale,
May screen you from Ug's penetrating eyes;
No sweet asylum knows the weary world.

SECOND SERVITOR

Then give me spear, or give me bow of yew—
Some trusty weapon that may win me peace.

FIRST SERVITOR

Cease, friend. What forged steel smites off the load

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Of fear Ug slings upon the backs of men?
Have done with fruitless wailing. To your work.

[The Servitors, dragging limbs, disappear.]

TRIP (*sadly*)

Countless men come to this place;
Few behold my willing face.
Blind they are, and deaf and cold
To the world I would unfold.
How dare they discover me
When they hardly see yon tree?
Pish! They never dream at all;
Never lift their eyes and call.

[Turning toward the colossus, he shakes his finger at it.]

Foolish men see Ug alone:
Trip knows Ug is but a stone.
Hi! How long will men come here
To renew their dream of fear?
How long shall old Ug endure?
Mighty Ug, be not too sure!
Give me heed and Trip shall tell
How the other false ones fell.
Come, ye gods who, since man's birth,
Leagued to blight his joyous earth.
Come, ye gods whose chain and stave
Made the trembling world a slave.
Come, ye other gods of fear;
Come and join your brother here!

[Trip waves his arms before a large rock and out of the stone emerges SET, who proceeds with rigid head and stately movements toward the colossus. He gives no sign of bearing as TRIP continues speaking.]

THE FALL OF UG

Set! How Egypt licked your hand
When your fevers gave command!
Iron were your bones and will;
Grist were mortals in your mill.
When men wrestled with their fear,
Lo, they saw you disappear!

[*SET disappears into the ground at the feet of Ug and
MOLOCH emerges from the rock out of which SET
came.*

Moloch! Bitter-barbed your thorns
When the world writhed on your horns.
Hungry ocean never saw
Victims such as crammed your maw.
When men wrestled with their fear,
Lo, they saw you disappear.

[*MOLOCH disappears into the ground at the feet of Ug
and MEDUSA emerges from the rock.*

Hail, Medusa! Serpent-crowned;
How you made Greece bite the ground!
When men's eyes gazed in your own,
Living flesh was changed to stone.
When men wrestled with their fear,
Lo, they saw you disappear.

[*MEDUSA disappears and HUITZILOPOCHTLI emerges.*

See Huitzilopochtli now—
Aztec lifeblood on your brow!
Master you of war and strife;
Life was yours, you swallowed life.
When men wrestled with their fear,
Lo, they saw you disappear.

[*HUITZILOPOCHTLI disappears and TIAMAT emerges.*

Tiamat! Your horrid spell

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Golden Babylon knew well.
Order, peace and equal law
Know no more your dragon jaw!

[TIAMAT *disappears* and BAAL *emerges*.

Baal! Where your ancient flail?
Silent now Phœnicia's wail;
No more does she sacrifice
To the father of all lies!

[BAAL *disappears* and KALI, HYDRA, ATE, HECATE,
MINOTAUR, and RUDRA *emerge in rapid succe-*
sion from the rock.

Kali! Bloody queen of Ind,
Your destruction none could mend.
Hydra! How your heads could frame
Terrors past all'depth or name!
Ate! How your poisoned times
Stung the Greek to reckless crime!
Hecate! How pain-racked Thrace
Sucked its witchcrafts from your face!
Minotaur! Your Cretan vale
Burst with human victims' wail.
Rudra! How you smote with storms!
How you all lashed with alarms!
Ug, behold their broken spell!
Ug, take heed how each one fell!
When men wrestled with their fear,
Lo, all false gods disappear!

[*As RUDRA disappears after the others, the BEAR is seen again. TRIP pursues, and goes out of sight swinging to the tail of the baffled beast. The PATRIARCH PRIEST, a YOUNG PRIEST, and two other Priests enter. The PATRIARCH PRIEST and the two halt before the colossus and make the*

THE FALL OF UG

sign of Ug by extending their arms straight out at the sides on a level with their shoulders, then bringing the left hand to rest over the heart, then clapping the right hand upon the left, and, finally, letting the head drop forward upon the breast. The YOUNG PRIEST, standing behind, watches and imitates them.

THE YOUNG PRIEST

The very earth proclaims that this is Ug,
Among whose priests a neophyte am I.
I know him, yet ne'er saw I him before.

FIRST PRIEST

Though never saw you this colossal form
That here locks fast the path to higher joys,
Ne'er saw you day since from the womb you sprang,
But Ug lurked close behind your elbow joint.
Unseen, he fretted you in cradle days.
When she who bore you, tore you from her breasts
And bade you walk, Ug set the path with thorns.
The youth chafed oft at yoke upon his neck;
The man finds fear encysted in his heart.

THE YOUNG PRIEST

How say you this who knew me not in youth?

FIRST PRIEST

Alas, the heavy tale of one fits all.
No man complains that Ug has passed him by.

THE YOUNG PRIEST

Since day by day we pay, what drives us now
To lay the richest gift of all—a youth—
Upon the altar of insatiate Ug?

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

FIRST PRIEST

Know, son, that in the mystic dawn of things,
Ere magic had been stirred into this soil,
And Nature's womb still held these ancient trees,
The fathers of our fathers' fathers' sires
Knew tongue, now lost, in which they spake with Ug
And with a compact sued some meed of peace.
Though great Ug would not yield the whited path,
By iron oath he bound himself to sink
His beak but lightly into mortal hearts,
Nor ever take his fill of human woe.
And for this boon our fathers pledged themselves
And all their children's children's sons to come
Here in the fullness of midsummer moon
And send through flame to join his soul with Ug
A youth, by Ug marked for such sacrifice.
A thousand moons of soft Midsummer Night
Have lit the strict performance of our bond;
A thousand times, as stood the victim forth,
A blood-red dawn has shown great Ug appeased.

THE YOUNG PRIEST

And shall there be no end of sacrifice
And dawns that seem to bathe the world in blood?

FIRST PRIEST

No end shall be while faithful priests of Ug
Demand enforcement of the changeless law.

THE PATRIARCH PRIEST

Hear me in my great age.
Now memory illumines the tale the priest,
My father, told me, which, long since, the priest,
His father, had told him. A myth it was,
A legend shaped mayhap at Fancy's wheel

THE FALL OF UG

And yet so rich in promise was the tale,
So freighted with the rarest gems of hope,
That even now it leaps upon my tongue.
The prophecy says naught of fixed time.
Told in some season long forgot, it leaps
Through cycles to a strange Midsummer Night
When Ug calls loudly for his human toll;
And then, so runs the tale, because the youth,
About to pass into the flames, uplifts
His eyes and voice, some wondrous visions waits,
And when the seeing youth beseeches aid
Some warrior, not of earth, his lance drives home;
Rends mighty Ug to nameless bits of dust,
Nor leaves one fragment to rekindle fear.
And down the freshly opened path to heaven
Celestial beings come to walk with men.
Comes dawn, the strangest ever born of night:
Ug's ancient beams reach out their crimson hands,
When lo, there breaks a dawn all crystal white
That overcomes the last false beam of blood
And wraps the world in joy ineffable. . . .
A dream! A dream! But such a treasure dream!

[*Overcome with emotion, the PATRIARCH PRIEST
sinks down.*]

FIRST PRIEST

(*manifesting disbelief and impatience*)

Save for your age we would not hear your tale—
A dream that sees our calling snatched away.

[*Lights are seen through the trees approaching from
the east.*]

SECOND PRIEST

The hour is near; the throngs approach this place.

[*A party of Husbandmen enter, singing. They carry*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

*stalks of corn, fruits, and huge bunches of grapes
slung from shoulder poles.*

HUSBANDMEN (*singing*)

From fields all green and glowing
We sons of Nature come.
Where living streams are flowing
There may be found our home.
The fertile soil doth yield us
Reward on stalk and tree.
When Ug from blight doth shield us
Glad husbandmen are we.

*[The Husbandmen dispose themselves upon the
ground. Lights are seen coming down the hill.
A party of Huntsmen enter, singing. They
carry long bows, quivers of arrows, and the car-
casses of game.]*

HUNTSMEN (*singing*)

The hills are our dominion.
The beast of secret lair,
The bird of swiftest pinion
Yield to the bow and snare.
A thousand dangers, lurking
Along the tangled trail,
Will find us never shirking;
The huntsmen do not quail.

*[The Huntsmen dispose themselves. Lights are seen
approaching from the west. A party of Shep-
herds enter, singing. They carry live lambs and
each has a crook.]*

SHEPHERDS (*singing*)

Mid meadows sweet with grasses,
Through sylvan shadows cool

THE FALL OF UG

The flock serenely passes
To rest beside the pool.
No lamb is left to wander
Upon the hillside steep;
The wolf is watching yonder,
The shepherd guards his sheep.

[*As the Shepherds dispose themselves lights are seen approaching from the east. A party of Warriors enter, singing. They wear hemlets and carry lances and shields and spoils of warfare.*]

WARRIORS (*singing*)

Let justice guide our lances,
Let courage steel our hearts.
Where evil's banner dances
There loose our wingèd darts.
Let victory behold us
Where battle-axes fall;
Let honor still enfold us
Or let death claim us all.

[*Husbandmen, Huntsmen, and Shepherds rise and mingle with the Warriors.*]

ALL (*singing*)

Let all the world assemble,
Come all men to this place.
We wait the words that tremble
Upon Ug's dreadful face.
For us no mad rebelling;
Obedient we stand.
Ug's call is all-compelling;
The world is in his hand.

[*Lights are seen approaching on the main highway. Cries of "The King! The King!" and "Hail the King!" are raised. The KING and the HIGH*]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

PRIEST are borne in, seated in a palanquin supported on the shoulders of eight bearers. Lords and Nobles, a SCRIBE and a JESTER accompany the palanquin. The KING is assisted to mount the throne, while Priests conduct the HIGH PRIEST to a seat beside the incense altar. Servitors place logs in the sacrificial pit. Torches are set up to supplement the moonlight. The JESTER skips about, taunting this one and that, and finally settles at the KING's feet. The incense altar is made to send up a column of smoke.

THE KING

(glancing about questioningly)

The Prince! The Prince! Where hides my son, the Prince?

THE CHIEF HUNTSMAN

We met his youthful party just at eve.

A stag fled high among the distant peaks.

"I'll fetch him down!" exclaimed the Prince, then led
Where none of slower foot might follow him.

We left his faithful huntsmen at the pass.

They'll bear his load—I swear he'll fetch the stag.

[Lights are seen coming down the mountain and a horn is heard.]

The Prince's horn! Its tone proclaims his kill!

[The PRINCE enters followed by his four Companions, who carry a stag suspended from a pole. The CHIEF HUNTSMAN leaps forward, takes the PRINCE's hand and strikes him on the shoulder in commendation. Other Huntsmen crowd about the stag. The PRINCE is accorded a cordial reception.]

THE FALL OF UG

THE PRINCE

(saluting the KING and also the HIGH PRIEST)

Your pardon, sire, and yours, if long I have
Delayed the ceremonies of the night.

*[The PRINCE leaps up the steps of the throne, kisses
the hand of the KING, and sinks at his feet. The
HIGH PRIEST stands before the colossus and
raises his arms. All the other Priests stand at
his back and lift their arms.]*

THE HIGH PRIEST

Hail, mighty Ug!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS

Hail, Ug, hail!

*[The salutation and chorus are repeated three times,
then all the Priests but the HIGH PRIEST move
to one side.]*

THE HIGH PRIEST

Peace to this place and hour.
Midsummer holds the world in charmed thrall.
The mantling softness of these stately woods
Enchants the aisles of every lesser grove.
Gone are the rains and floods. Asleep the blasts.
The winds chant only dulcet threnodies.
Clothed are the meadow pastures with white flocks;
The valleys covered o'er with ripening corn.
Each great and little breast of Nature drips
With honey and with milk. All paths drop fat.
It is the hour of harvest and reward.
The husbandman receives his cheerful toll.
The tree throws back its acorn to the ground.
The fold that was protected yields its lamb.
Fear has but nibbled at our hearts the year—

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Great Ug awaits his promised recompense.

(stretching his hands toward the Shepherds)

The Shepherds bow before Ug's form.

[The Shepherds advance until they stand in front of Ug, and fling down their lambs. They make the sign of Ug and kneel upon one knee, showing grave agitation. The JESTER has climbed to an eminence from which he watches the Shepherds in wonder and mockery.]

THE JESTER

Oh, see our frightened shepherds bow and weep:
They are as bold as any newborn sheep!

THE HIGH PRIEST

The husbandmen their reverence pay.

[The Husbandmen advance, fling down their corn and grapes, make the sign of Ug, and kneel behind the Shepherds.]

The huntsmen are defenseless fawns.

[The Huntsmen advance, fling down their game, make the sign of Ug, and fall upon one knee behind the Husbandmen.]

To Ug alone the warriors kneel.

[The Warriors advance and throw down their trophies. Then, after making the sign of Ug, they fall upon one knee. The JESTER continues his show of scorn.]

THE JESTER

O wafting warriors! Are you also bound
To grovel? 'Ware of spiders on the ground!



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "THE FALL OF UG"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

THE FALL OF UG

THE HIGH PRIEST

Nor holds the world lord, prince or august king
Who dares deny Ug's never ending sway.

[The Lords, the Nobles and the SCRIBE kneel behind the others, making the sign of Ug. Then the PRINCE. The KING lays aside crown and scepter and kneels with the others. The JESTER skips up the throne steps, puts on the crown, grasps the scepter, and seats himself upon the throne.]

THE JESTER

Their hearts to senseless god of stone they fling:
I'm no such fool. Forsooth, let me be king!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Fool of all fools, before Ug smites you down,
Prone on the ground and chew repentant dust!

[Two Priests leap up the throne, remove the crown and scepter and fling the JESTER to the ground where he grovels. The HIGH PRIEST signals and the SECOND PRIEST rises and sings the Song of Ug, the entire assemblage singing the chorus.]

SECOND PRIEST (*singing*)

Out of the terrible night,
Out of the chasm unknown,
Lacking a star or a light,
Sweeps from the caverns a moan.
Over the rim of the world
Darkness in travail writhes low,
Straight from her womb there is hurled
Ug, bastard scion of Woe.
Oh, see how all mortals are bending;
The jewel each wears is a tear;
Man's homage is given unending

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

To Ug, god of fear, to Ug, god of fear, to Ug,
god of fear!

CHORUS

O Ug, our poor courage lies quaking!
O Ug, be not deaf to our prayer!
O Ug, crush us not with thine aching.
Ug, spare! Ug, spare! Ug, spare! Ug, spare!
Spare! Spare! Spare! Ug, spare! Ug, spare!

SECOND PRIEST

Deep in the breast of mankind,
Close by the chamber of soul,
Chiefest of treasures enshrined,
Joy of Life points man his goal.
Swift as a fiend from the dark
Fear comes with sword and with chain—
Man is left fettered and stark,
Joy of Life ravished and slain.
Oh hark, how all mankind is moaning;
A flood rushes from the world's tear;
Forever men turn with their groaning
To Ug, god of fear, to Ug, god of fear, to Ug,
god of fear!

CHORUS

O Ug, our poor lives we are giving!
O Ug, be not deaf to our prayer!
O Ug, slaughter not Joy of Living.
Ug, spare! Ug, spare! Ug, spare! Ug, spare!
Spare! Spare! Spare! Ug, spare! Ug, spare!

[The final chorus ends with all on their faces. Thereafter the assemblage relaxes and distributes itself as before. Servitors pass through with litters loaded with meats and fruits for the feast. The

THE FALL OF UG

JESTER *filches a horn bottle from a litter and takes a drink.*

THE JESTER

Ho, ho! My belly is an empty waste:
Let's to the feast in yonder glade make haste.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Peace, fool. Tempt not again Ug's vengeful hand.
Moon shadows mark the hour of fateful choice.
The patient eyes of Ug light with desire.
Our bravest youth shall stand before the god
Like snowy lambs that he may choose his own.
Who are Ug's new defenders? Who the youth
That have done valiantly?

THE SCRIBE

(unrolling a scroll banded him by the KING and reading)

These has the King set down:

Among the husbandmen, Althone and Weg,
Who cunningly led water to the vines
Until the grapes nigh burst their purple skins.
Of shepherds, Tord and Kim are named. All know
They scorned their lives to save the fold from wolves.
Mikail and Elam are the huntsmen's boast:
Their arrows gone, with stones they slew two bears.
Of warring men are Jud and Shed enrolled:
They fetched a woman captive from a cave
When hostile spears fell like the autumn rain.
Thus ends the list of those the King acclaims.

[Each of the young men, as his name is called, leaves his companions and leaps forward. The PRINCE, when his name is not read, sinks his head in his hands.]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE JESTER (*after a pull at the bottle*)

He names me not, yet death I often dare:
I tease the sleeping King's nose with a hair!

[*Roaring at his own joke, the JESTER is seized and thrust aside.*

THE KING

(*indicating the defenders of Ug*)

The leafen chaplets set upon their brows:
Their fame be higher than these trees are high.

THE CHIEF WARRIOR

Pray hold!

How may the scroll of brave youth be complete
Save when my lord, the Prince, leads all the rest?
How often have I seen him hew his way
In battle and with righteous lance drive back
The foe that numbered him full five to one!

THE KING

Not through his own, but through another's eyes
A father may see virtue in his son.
Arise, O Prince, a proud defender thou!

[*The PRINCE rises joyfully. He does not go down to join the others, being detained by his father's band. Priests deck each young man with laurel and with a ceremonial vestment.*

THE HIGH PRIEST

Bring forth the table of the secret stones
That speak the changeless, wordless will of Ug.

[*A table or rack having stone slabs upright upon it is brought in and set before the colossus. All the*

THE FALL OF UG

defenders excepting the PRINCE gather beside the table.

Great Ug, the blossom of our race behold—
The noblest and the proudest of our youth.
Regard them well, the fairest lamb approve:
Affix thy seal upon him with the darkening stone.

[The defenders, lifting their arms to Ug, begin to march around the table. The JESTER runs out close to them, then looks back at the throne.]

THE JESTER

What brave defender is the kingly son?
He dares not share the risk the others run!

THE PRINCE

A fool's wise words! My rightful place I claim;
Defender I, and, after that, the Prince.

[Leaping down the steps, the PRINCE takes his place with the defenders. The KING rises and then sinks doubtfully to his seat.]

THE KING

It matters not if he be there or here:
Not Ug would rob the throne to feed his maw.

[The defenders resume their march around the table of stones.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

Lift each the stone that calls unto his hand.
Ye only play at choosing: Ug's the choice.
These stones be all as white as wool is white,
Yet when Ug's favored youth lifts up a stone
And turns it so that all our eyes may see,
Behold, it shall be black as raven's wing:
Ug's tongue it shall become to speak his will.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[Each defender in turn lifts a stone and holding it aloft, slowly turns it around. As the under side of his stone is seen to be white a cry of relief breaks from each defender's friends. At length the PRINCE lifts a stone carelessly, holds it above his head and turns it around. The under side is seen to be black. The PRINCE starts in amazement and lets the stone fall.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

Ug's choice has fallen on the Prince!

[The sign is recognized and consternation seizes the company. Cries of "The Prince! The Prince!" "It cannot be!" and "It must be so!" are heard. The PRINCE falters. The KING, all but overcome, starts up and is about to protest when the HIGH PRIEST stops him with an imperative gesture.]

Ug speaks! Let none oppose; let none commend!

THE KING

What dread mistake is here? Not Ug himself
May claim the Prince and heir for sacrifice!

THE HIGH PRIEST

The Prince that was is vanished from our eyes:
Behold the lamb Ug chooses as his own!

(turning to the PRINCE)

Salute the fatal tablet with a kiss
That all may know you do consent to die.

[The FIRST PRIEST raises the stone from the ground and presents it to the PRINCE, who dashes it down again.]

THE FALL OF UG

THE HIGH PRIEST

Does noble youth so fear to look at Death?

THE PRINCE

Who says the King's son is afraid to die?
Think you kind Nature has bestowed on me
My father's flesh, bone of his bone, and yet
Withheld the faultless courage of his heart?

THE HIGH PRIEST

Then why this strange reluctance? Would you dare
Defy the pact our fathers made with Ug?

THE PRINCE

Hear me, high priest:
About me now I feel a throng of youths
As they outstretch their pleading hands to me.
Souls are they of Ug's countless victims past.
Souls of Ug's countless victims yet to come.
And all as one they claim my tongue to curse
This unavailing slaughter to an end.

FIRST PRIEST

The poor Prince raves; fear has transformed the lad.

THE JESTER

The Prince is sane, and all the rest be mad.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Peace, boy. While earth shall last Ug must be paid.

THE PRINCE

If obligation pend, let Ug stand forth
With lifted lance, or human champion name
And I will war with all my strength and life

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

To pay his debt in measure that shall leave
No stern remainder for our sons to pay.

THE YOUNG PRIEST

What said the Patriarch to us? He told
How on some mystic night the victim should
Behold a vision seldom seen of men,
And from the vision draw some spirit aid
That should forever rend Ug from our path.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Heed not the tale, an empty, time-worn dream.
It tells of Ug in dust upon the ground—
See how Ug still predominates the world!
Come, boy, kiss yonder stone. We would proceed.

[*The FIRST PRIEST again picks up the fatal stone,
but the PRINCE, giving him no heed, turns to the
KING.*]

THE PRINCE

My being cries to know a better fate.
Speak, father; say that old Ug is not so!

THE KING

My son!
My crown, my scepter would I swift exchange
For answer that would satisfy your prayer.
My reason at Ug's bold pretensions scoffs;
My living senses cry that Ug is true.
Ug I deny, and straight my ears resound
With groans of mortals in the grip of fear.
Ug I deny, and straight my eyes behold
Some yet more dreadful festers of his darts.

THE PRINCE

My father and my King, if Ug be so,

THE FALL OF UG

Then lead us in rebellion 'gainst old Ug!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Ha, ha! That foolish word long since I heard.
Speak, King, and tell him what rebellion means.

THE KING (*cowering*)

I have no words to say.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Speak now! I voice great Ug's command!

THE KING

(hesitatingly, as he comes down from the throne)

The high priest's words are flames that melt the locks
On secrets ne'er intended for my son.
Hear now confession of that man who drained
Rebellion's cup down to the poisoned dregs.
Mature was I when lifted to the throne,
And holding steadfast to the good in men;
My people served I with a strong delight.
Succumbed our foes or fled before our fame.
At length none dared intrigue against our peace;
No shackles knew our hearts save Ug's alone.
Long pondered I upon my fancied strength,
Then swore to bring destruction on great Ug.
Midsummer Night was nigh. Farwell I bade
That hyacinth of womankind, my queen,
And drew to this accustomed place resolved
That with the hour of sacrifice at hand
Defiance I should thunder to Ug's claim
And rend him with my men from heaven's path.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Behold, the memory moves Ug not at all!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE KING

E'en as I drew to loose my verbal bolt
A runner breathless sank and gasped his news
My queen, the twin soul of my soul, was dead!
Our son, not yet expected, had been born.
The weakened mother, clutching him to breast,
Her eyes wild with the light of prophecy,
Screamed that Ug's hideous stamp was on her child!
She died, herself slain by the darts of fear.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Thus laughed Ug at the hand that threatened him!

THE KING

A score of years and each year like a score
Have I watched o'er the son, nor once forgot
The sword by spider thread swung in suspense;
Nor ever have I smiled save when false hope
Lied that my faith in prophecy was fled.
To-night I drave forebodings from my heart—
To-night Ug calls my son to sacrifice!
And louder now than voice of her long dead,
And louder than the wretched victim's prayer,
And louder than a father's wailing soul
The universe exclaims, "Ug is supreme!"

[*The PRINCE, all but overcome by his father's story, approaches the KING and falls upon his neck. The FIRST PRIEST comes close with the fatal stone. He waits a little while, then rouses the PRINCE by plucking his sleeve.*

THE HIGH PRIEST

Revolt no more. The common weal demands
That you shall play the debtor for us all.

THE FALL OF UG

[*The PRINCE releases the KING, who slowly remounts the throne. The PRINCE looks around uncertainly. All await his action. With a gesture of hopeless resignation he seizes the stone, presses his lips to it and lets it fall to the ground. The defenders bring a white robe and put it on the PRINCE. Removing the garlands from their necks, they hang seven about the neck of the PRINCE. The FIRST and SECOND PRIESTS spread a rug before the colossus, and two defenders escort the PRINCE to it, where he sinks and buries his face in his arms. A figure, almost nude, but loaded with dazzling barbaric ornaments, glides upon the upper level before Ug, and begins a curious writhing of the body. Three others, similarly costumed, follow him upon the upper level, while a dozen appear upon the lower level. A fanatical dance is performed as a solemn part of the ceremony before Ug. The dance is wild and furious, reaching a frenzy. As it ends the dancers whirl away.*

THE HIGH PRIEST

(*addressing the PRINCE upon the rug*)

Now are you sealed unto the sacrifice.
A little while we feast. When we return
Be full prepared to pass into Ug's flames.

[*The KING leaves the throne. The Nobles support him as he goes away in the direction of the feast. All the company follow except the HIGH PRIEST and the JESTER. The HIGH PRIEST goes over to the bowed PRINCE.*

THE HIGH PRIEST

Death is the changeless fortune of mankind.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

To some it comes as last of countless storms
That bent and marred but could not fell until
The sap of life had brittled with the years.
To others death comes in the quiet noon:
The troubled axe they leave in half-hewn log
Must marvel while it rots. To others still
Death is a breath that shuts the door of life
On eyes still round with wonder at the view.
Some chew the cud until the bitter's gone;
Some never know the cud is aught but sweet.
If called in youth or called in age, all men
Swear solemnly the other way were best.
Peace, boy. What privilege to die for those
Doomed but to live!

[*The PRINCE gives no sign that he has heard. The
HIGH PRIEST departs. The JESTER advances,
bottle in hand.*

THE JESTER

Forget Old Graybeard, boy; his trade is woe.
What sophistry can make you glad to go?
Or what, forsooth, should make you glad to stay?
Grief is your certain portion either way.
The fool is wise, he quick accepts the rule;
The wise man long denies it—he's the fool.
Forgetfulness alone can scoff man's plight—
Good liquor is the very salve of live!

[*The JESTER tries to force his bottle upon the PRINCE.
He is thrust away and, moving about, he sings.*

THE JESTER (*singing*)

When the sweets of the world have been captured;
When joys are plucked ripe from the tree;
And the senses no longer enraptured
Awake to the dull mockery;

THE FALL OF UG

Then the mortal embittered to madness,
All bereft of the false dream of gladness,
Will not spurn the soft call in his sadness,
"Let wine be the solace for thee."

So fill up the bowl to the brim;
Let the flagon not balk at the rim.
The man who will sip
With a smirk of the lip
Is a man from whose hand
The good cup may well slip;
But the man who swigs hard we will bless—
He has lived and knows life is a mess.
He drinks if he dies for it,
Dying, he cries for it—
This be his prize for it—
Sweet forgetfulness!

When the pains of existence shall thicken;
When the urge of desire grows thin;
When passion's pulse ceases to quicken;
And love is of things that have been;
Then the grape sheds its blood without stinting
And the mortal forgets his resenting,
Sees his sky glow again with new tinting—
Good wine is the solace of men!

So fill up the bowl to the brim, etc.

[*The JESTER, walking unsteadily, departs in the direction taken by all the others. The PRINCE, left alone, gets up, lifts a spear a Warrior has left behind and stands before the colossus.*]

THE PRINCE

O mocking monster that befouls the world,
Dare but expose some vulnerable joint

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

And though fiends straight devour me will I drive
This iron lance to end thy cursèd spell.

[*The PRINCE burls the lance and it strikes against the colossus. The lance is shattered to pieces by the impact. The PRINCE's attitude changes to entreaty.*

O endless fear, whom mortals may not slay,
The King's son prays you grant this single boon:
Speak now and say my death shall terminate
This ghastly sacrifice of bravest youths—
Swear none come after me—and I, the Prince,
Will bless old Ug and leap into thy flame!

[*The PRINCE sinks to his knees and waits expectantly. When no answer comes he rises in utter despair. He turns his back upon Ug and staggers away. He gropes this way and that. He encounters a great tree. He clutches the bark and his eyes travel up the trunk. He regards this tree and the other trees about him as if really seeing them for the first time.*

THE PRINCE (*singing*)

Behold my woe, ye trees.
Behold old Ug's disdain.
What cares he for my pain,
This Ug that gluts on human agonies?

Ye tremble not, O trees!
How stand ye so serene?
What vision have you seen
That smites fear's shackles from your steadfast
knees?

O trees, how lift the head?
Assurance is your crown;

THE FALL OF UG

You only bow not down.
What secret frees your hearts from palsied dread?

Sweet spirit of this grove,
Let mortal share thy calm.
My soul cries for thy balm.
Come to me, nameless messenger of love!

[A flute ripples briefly, high up the hill. It repeats off at one side, then off at the other, then near the PRINCE. TRIP, the fairy, is seen flying. His pipe still at his lips, he alights upon a rock.]

TRIP

As ye called me so come I;
Bid me stay or swift I fly.

THE PRINCE

Stay! Stay! O living fairy, who are you?

TRIP

Ho, ho! Ask the snakes and snails—
How I twist their lazy tails!
Ask the squirrel in the tree—
Would he store nuts but for me?
Ask the linnet, quail or jay—
I command them when to lay.
When I speak, madroña tree
Dons a purple robe for me.
Master I of birds and bees,
Friend, companion of the trees.
Flock I guard, and herd and drove—
Lord and spirit of this grove!
Fear me, mortal, fear my whip!

[Lifting a branch above his head he threatens, then

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

*flings it away and clasps his arms about himself
in ecstasy.*

Hi! I love you! I am Trip!

THE PRINCE

Sweet Trip, full often have I roamed this wood:
How falls it that we never met till now?

TRIP

Oft as in this grove you've strayed
Trip has faithful shadow played;
Sometimes followed where you led,
Often flitted on ahead.
I have whistled, you have slept;
I have piped and you have wept.
In the bush I've teased the bear;
Lured your foolish arrows there;
After you mad bruin went—
It was I who stole the scent!

THE PRINCE

Alas, alas, not once saw I your form!

TRIP

Change has come to you, not me;
Faith has made your eyes to see.

THE PRINCE

Where be your home; not near this dreadful spot?

TRIP

Dreadful, dreadful, dreadful blind
Eyes of men who will be blind!

*[He dances about with merriment, then sobers and
goes on.]*

THE FALL OF UG

Home? Ah, mortal, you shall see
How Trip grew a homing tree.
Once a sapling all unblest
Came into the grove to rest.
Full ten thousand moons have sped
Since I found it all but dead;
Barkless, leafless, white with pain,
Summer zephyrs might have slain.
Called I humming-birds and bees,
Bade them whisk to farthest leas.
Flower, bush and vine run rife
Sent me each one drop of life.
Lo, the sapling bent its head,
Quaffed and flushed a living red.
At my word the beaked birdfolk
Wove a warm, majestic cloak;
Teeth of squirrels wise and old
Worked expansion in each fold.
Leaves were wanting, in their place
Spiders spun the rarest lace.
Came the day my tree in ease
Sang to soothe the orphan breeze;
Came the splendid night at last,
It defied the winter blast.
“Grow!” I cried. It lifted high,
Pillared up the tired sky.
I dreamed immortality—
See my deathless redwood tree!

THE PRINCE

Strange is the secret of your life, old tree,
Grown by a fairy for his castle home.

TRIP

Fool you are, oh fool you be!
Is my purpose hard to see?

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Need I in such tree to dwell
Whom a poppy serves as well?
Why grew I these shafts so tall,
Like a heaven-kissing wall,
But to hide from mortal eyes
Yonder stony god of lies?

THE PRINCE

No fairy knows the awful power of Ug.
Alas, bright Trip, perchance yourself should fear.

TRIP

Ug was once a rock and bare
Save for vines it flung in air.
Men beheld it block the path,
Marveled at the stone in wrath,
Loudly called to it, "Begone!"
Rocks are deaf, the rock stayed on.
Lack of faith like subtle darts
Set men trembling in their hearts.
Yon dread face they graved through tears
With the chisels of their fears.
With their evil thoughts alone
They drave life into this stone;
With impure imaginings
Raised a god of countless stings.

THE PRINCE

Say not a simple stone bars heaven's path.
What stone could cast such shadow black as doom,
And peopled mayhap by such awful shapes
That Ug in contrast is most fair?

TRIP

I know panther, mouse and bee;

THE FALL OF UG

Awful shapes are strange to me.
Nameless monsters Trip would find—
Hi, let's see what hides behind!

[TRIP *passes through the air to the shoulder of the colossus, shades his eyes with his hand and peers earnestly into the shaded hillside above.*

Not a monster rolls in sight;
Nothing is but lack of light.
When you stand beside his head
Awful Ug is all but fled.

THE PRINCE

Deride not great Ug to his face. Beware!
He holds the world's heart in his iron beak.

TRIP

Is it fearful to be near?
What this strange, soft sound I hear?

[TRIP *climbs to where he can lay a hand on the beak, then draws back in mock fright. He repeats this, looking playfully down at the PRINCE. He thrusts his hands into the beak and draws out something which he hides under both hands against his breast while he laughs and chuckles.*

While this beak holds men dismayed
See what nests here unafraid!

[TRIP *tosses into the air a dove he had lifted from its nest in Ug's beak and the bird flies away. TRIP drops back to the ground near the PRINCE.*

Music comes to cheer your heart:
Hear the nightly chorus start.

THE PRINCE

Ah, gentle Trip, mock not my tortured plight.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

No music hear I save the cricket's dirge.

TRIP

Hist now! Let your mood be ripe—
'Tis some far off fairy's pipe.

[Both listen with hand to ear.]

THE PRINCE

Alas, no sweet tones greet my dreary ear!

TRIP

Deaf your ear to woodland sighs
With long listening to men's lies.
Hi! There sounds the call again—
Now the answer from yon glen!

[Both listen.]

It comes!

THE PRINCE

Not so!

TRIP

Now again!

THE PRINCE

Only silence!

TRIP

List with all your ears and mind!

[After a time the rising notes of a pipe are heard. The sound dies and is repeated off at a distant place. The sound is heard very faintly at first and then more clearly, as the reward of intent listening. The PRINCE shows by his joyful manner that he has heard at last.]

Now the chord runs all around
Till the woods with trills resound.

THE FALL OF UG

Open now to fresh delight;
Share the harmony of night.

[*The music runs through the woods. Trip dances about, charmed that the PRINCE is able to hear.*

THE PRINCE

It seems I hear who never heard before!

TRIP

Now from hill and cavern dim
Shall uplift the woodfolk hymn.
Sing, ye sounding forest, sing!
Ring, ye living redwoods, ring!

[*The haunting, wordless song of the woodfolk is heard in one place, then in another, and the ripple of it runs along the hill. Finally it is heard coming from every side, with indescribable effect.*

THE PRINCE

I should have sworn my faculties complete,
Yet deaf was I and knew it not until
The wondrous music of the forest night
Revealed and healed and left me lacking naught.

TRIP

Deaf you were and knew it not,
Deaf as any stone, I wot.
Having eyes you think you see—
Blind as bat at noon you be!

THE PRINCE

Alas, my eyes see more than cheers my heart.

TRIP

Worse than blind, poor mortal eyes,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Seeing clouds in summer skies;
Seeing ugly and untrue,
Until Beauty hides from view;
Spying woes on ev'ry side
That no flowing tears may hide.
Try your eyes; gaze either way;
See the woodfolk at their play.
Bear with their mischievous plight—
Soft the air Midsummer Night.
See them skip and romp and prance;
See, they beckon you to dance!

THE PRINCE

If such things be, then truly I be blind!

TRIP

How may golden visions rise
When you never lift your eyes?
How might you behold my face
Where another saw but space
Save that when old Ug appalled
You alone looked up and called?
Great now your reward shall be,
Loosed shall be the mystery;
Swiftly shall you pass the door
Mortal seldom passed before.
Mighty, mighty vainly knocks;
Lowly, lowly turns the locks.
Bend and pluck humility—
Sweet oxalis is the key!

[*The PRINCE stoops and plucks a stalk of the oxalis
which he holds up.*]

Bay leaves, jonquils, dragon-flies!
Woodfolk, greet his famished eyes.

THE FALL OF UG

[A company of Fairies is seen and a lively frolic follows, during which the Fairies frequently leave the ground and go sailing away through the trees. Others come flying from distant parts to join the fun. Objects which appeared to be bushes and rocks stir and move and are seen to be fairy folk. Suddenly the PRINCE drops his oxalis key. The Fairies fly away and the vision fades rapidly.]

THE PRINCE

My key I've lost! Quick, give it back! But stay—
The King, the priests, the company I call
That all may share this vision of delight.

TRIP

Ho, ho! Blindness binds them all.
When did they look up and call?
Smallest fairy knows no fear
When the fiercest man be near.
When mad mortals hurl their best
Into Ug's consuming breast,
Fairies join their unheard cries
To the woe of him who dies.
Even now their eyes are dew—
They prepare to weep for you.

THE PRINCE

Your words recall me to my bitter fate.
E'en now approaching shouts proclaim my hour.
The hope that had sprung up was but a dream.

TRIP

Hi! What know you of your dreams?
What is true and what but seems?
Learn which is reality;
Therein lies the golden key.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*Shouting is heard.*]

THE PRINCE

They come! Stay, gentle Trip, desert me not.
When my sad eyes must close in hideous death
Let their last vision rest on you, else I
Upon the threshold turn to curse the world.

TRIP

Trip must fade nor linger on.
Come your people, I am gone.
How might you hold me in view
When their blindness may blind you?
This my last injunction be:
Heed my mystic redwood tree.
When Ug scourged, you called and lo,
Now you know what fairies know!
More than fairies know you need—
Seek and find some higher meed.
When men wrestle with their fear
Often does the path grow clear.
Faith once more your eyes anoint—
Look where redwood fingers point!

[*At his final word TRIP flies away, passing out of sight directly over the head of the colossus. The PRINCE runs appealingly to the spot where the fairy stood. The shouting grows louder. The KING enters and is escorted to the throne. The Priests, led by the HIGH PRIEST, take their places. The company is quickly composed as before. The PRINCE appears to see something invisible to the others.*]

THE PRINCE

Look, king and priests; look, warriors, huntsmen, all.
See how the fairy master of this grove laughs down

THE FALL OF UG

In scorn of all our bootless sacrifice!
Fear Ug no more! Great Ug is but a stone!
Oh, see you not sweet Trip? Ask him to tell!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Peace, lad, fear has distraught your mind.
Stand boldly as the kingly son should stand,
Nor shame us with your monstrous dread of death.

THE PRINCE

What words of mine could make you understand?

THE HIGH PRIEST

Far spent the night; make ready for the rites.

[Priests direct Husbandmen and others in placing additional logs in the sacrificial pit and the flames are lighted.]

THE PRINCE

I see and hear; you all be blind and deaf!

THE CHIEF WARRIOR

Oh, falter not nor forfeit our esteem:
True valor scoffs at fate and laughingly dies.

THE PRINCE

Illusion's victim—worse than Ug's—am I.
They think me coward, else they call me fool.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Lay off the garlands. Aid him to prepare.

[Priests offer to assist the PRINCE to remove the garlands from about his neck, but he motions them away.]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE PRINCE

My hands suffice: straight I disrobe my soul.

[He lifts off a garland and holds it in his hands.]

Let this be love of father, home and friends:

My dearest tie melts at the touch of Ug.

[He pitches the garland into the sacrificial pit, then lifts another from his neck.]

This be ambition; how its roses flamed

Ere Ug's foul breath turned every petal sere!

[He flings the garland into the pit and lifts off another.]

This be sweet charity; it was a robe

That hid the world's defects from trusting eyes

Until Ug's hand displayed the horrid truth.

[He flings the garland into the pit and lifts the remaining four from his neck.]

Fair hope was this; a lily stung by frost:

This truthfulness, this pride, this loyalty.

Ug's fetid blasts touch all their purity.

[He flings all the garlands into the pit, then tears off his white robe, standing nude but for a breech-cloth and sandals.]

This garment be outrageous joy of life,

A mocking pretense that enfolds all men,

Yet at the first rude plucking rends apart

[Rending the robe he throws it aside.]

And leaves us naked to such foe as Ug!

THE HIGH PRIEST

We wait with ready sacrifice that Ug.

May speak his promise of a blood-red dawn.

THE FALL OF UG

THE YOUNG PRIEST

Pray let the patriarch recall his tale:
Mayhap he will pronounce the season come
When red dawn shall be swallowed up by white
In token that Ug's day at last be done.

[While speaking the YOUNG PRIEST has advanced to the PRINCE, though looking at and imploring the PATRIARCH PRIEST who moves his head doubtfully. The HIGH PRIEST seizes the YOUNG PRIEST and hurls him to the ground at one side. The HIGH PRIEST lifts his hands and all but the PRINCE fall upon their faces. At length the face of the colossus begins to glow with red.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

Red dawn is nigh. Ug calls for sacrifice!

[Priests and others seize the PRINCE and lift his naked form above their heads, preparatory to casting it upon the outstretched palms of Ug, from which it will bound into the pit of flame. At this moment TRIP's pipe is heard loudly rippling somewhere close at hand. The sound startles the PRINCE and arouses him to desperate action. He struggles out of the hands of the Priests, springs to the top of a rock and with his back to the colossus, raises his arms to heaven.]

THE PRINCE

O god of truth, where point the redwood hands,
Thy promise be established now in me!
Thy kingdom comes; Thy thunders vanquish Fear;
Thy will is done; Thy lightnings rend Fear's form;
Thy word unbars the path that leads to Thee;
Thy crystal dawn enwraps the reborn world,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

And lights men's famished eyes to know Thy face!

[The Priests appear to be frantic in their anger and despair, but the PRINCE's attitude of commanding faith makes them afraid to lay hand upon him. As the PRINCE remains with arms uplifted, thunder is heard. The scene darkens. The thunder culminates in a cannon-like detonation. Lightning flashes and rends the colossus. In the noise and mystery of a convulsion, Ug is dimly seen to shrivel and go down into utter nothingness. With the settling of the dust, quiet ensues and the white road is seen to be complete across the spot where once Ug sat. Growing light reveals the path leading up the hillside. Celestial Beings are seen to beckon and to sweep downward toward the company of people. The latter lift their arms in gladness and, led by the PRINCE, commence to climb upward. As they pass over Ug's former seat they begin to sing a World Hymn of rejoicing. The chorus is caught up by many unseen choirs in remote places until all the world seems to be voicing its rapture.]

THE WORLD HYMN

The Lord made the earth and the fulness thereof;
By His hands were the deep places laid;
The strength of the mountains the breath of His mouth;
In His palm are the mighty seas weighed.
He spake and the wilderness wept with new rain;
From the dry ground the water-springs came.
He looked on the earth and it trembled with joy;
The hilltops He touched into flame.
Let the floods clap their hands, let the winds shout their
praise;
Let the mountains bow low and be furled;

THE FALL OF UG

The Lord from His high sanctuary hath come;
His lightnings enlighteneth the world.
The gods of the nations are idols of clay;
The sun hath our Lord full arrayed:
The Lord lifts His voice, let the nations be dumb—
“Lo, man in mine image is made:
“Dominion be his over earth and himself:
“The eyes of his faith none shall bind.
“When perfect love casteth out fear from my son,
“Lo, in him be the infinite mind!”
Let all the nations and all the peoples
Rejoice and be glad.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!

[*The last vain impulse of fallen Ug is seen in the occurrence of his red dawn. The red illumination seems for a brief space to drive Ug's colorful suggestion into all the earth, but meaning and motive have gone, and presently a new and strange sublimity creeps into the breaking of the day. To men's unaccustomed eyes the novel rays at first are green, but as they overcome and swallow up the old manifestation of blood, it is seen that the promise is indeed fulfilled, that crystal dawn is come to enwrap the hearts of those escaped from Ug in nameless glory and in endless peace.*

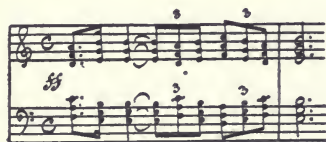
NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY HERMAN PERLÊT

AFTER close study of Mr. Steele's play I realized that Ug could claim no single country as his own, but that his awful power held the world and dominated all nations, savage and civilized, alike. Consequently in the music I have not adhered to any one form, style or school, but have written with a free hand, breaking theoretical rules at pleasure in order to get most thoroughly into the atmosphere of the book. Since Ug dominates the hearts of all the characters, Ug must have an unmistakable and powerful theme which rings out in commanding tones at all times. It must be ever in the ear as well as in the mind and heart. This Ug theme is as follows:



It is used in many forms and developments. It is heard at the beginning of the Prelude, being announced by the entire brass choir; again it proclaims its power when the world gathers before the colossus to do homage, this wild harmonization introducing the entrance of the clans:



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

In the Song of Ug the motive frequently appears in the accompaniment of the song, while the chorus uses it in still another form:

The musical score is written for four parts: Tenor, Basses, and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics for the Tenor part are: "O Ug, our poor courage lies quak - ing". The piano accompaniment features a recurring motive in the right hand and a more rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

Thus the motive appears and reappears, sometimes in warning and again in jealous frenzy, as though Ug himself feared that the truth might be learned by his slaves and his power lost for all time.

In the Prelude, after the triumphant declaration of the Ug motive, the atmosphere changes to one of calm, in a short episode sung by three French horns:

The musical score is for three French horns, marked "Andantino". The key signature is two flats (Bb and Eb) and the time signature is 9/8. The melody is slow and mournful, with long, sustained notes.

In this is denoted the natural peace and calm of the Grove. Through it is heard a mournful voice (the *cor anglais*) pleading with broken heart for recognition. It is the voice of Truth begging that it be listened to and heeded, but no one and no thing pays attention to it save only the evening breeze that seems to follow the mournful strain in its wanderings, looking for a mind or heart to receive it:

THE FALL OF UG



The voice hopes and trusts that it will find lodgment (as it eventually does), because it knows that its reception will cause to spring up a strength, glory, and eternal beauty before which Fear must vanish as fog vanishes before the sun. When, after its hard struggle, it is finally recognized, there occurs the downfall of the coarse and boastful Ug; and the Ug motive dies away before the glorious, overwhelming theme of Truth:

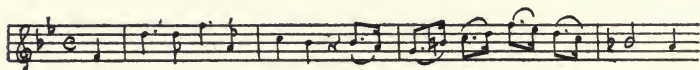


In the Intermezzo I have "tone-pictured" as nearly as I could, the transition from afternoon to night. The jovial, happy little scene in which Trip takes his music lesson from a bird is merely a short duet between a flute and piccolo, the theme being as follows:



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

The next number of importance is the entrance of the groups. In this we have first the motive of the Husbandmen (tenors):



Next is the motive of the Huntsmen (first basses):



The Shepherds (second tenors) follow, their song being accompanied by the pastoral music of the pipes:



Last of the groups come the Warriors (second basses):



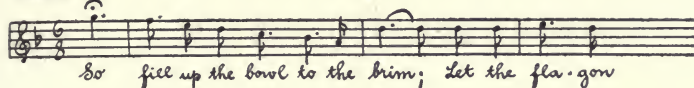
Then comes an ensemble of all the groups, with the Ug motive dominating.

The Dance of the Fanatics is based upon a wild, weird motive, suggestive of a barbaric religious frenzy.

In the Drinking Song of the Jester, the motive of the refrain is the same in each occurrence, while the verses themselves are foreign to each other. This is the motive of the refrain:

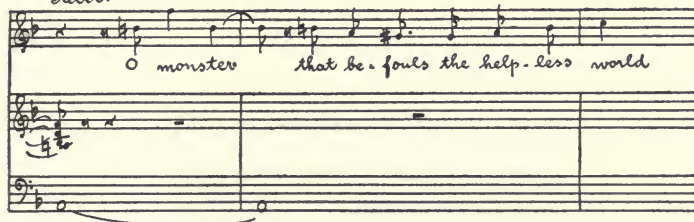
THE FALL OF UG

Glocoso



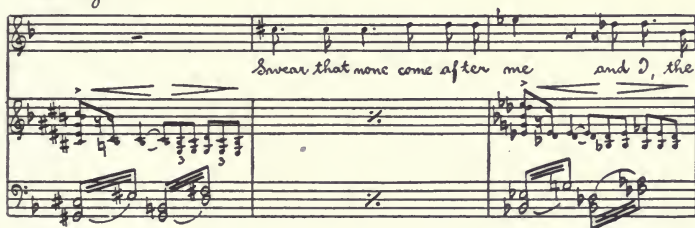
The distracted Prince, left alone before Ug to whom he is soon to be sacrificed, dares Ug to meet him in combat:

Recit.

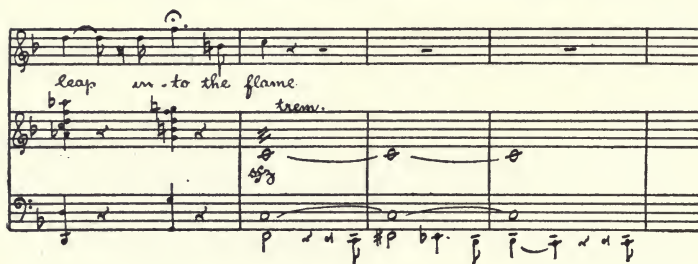


Getting no response, the Prince appeals in another manner. He begs Ug to swear that his death shall be the last sacrifice demanded, whereupon the Prince will gladly leap into the flame:

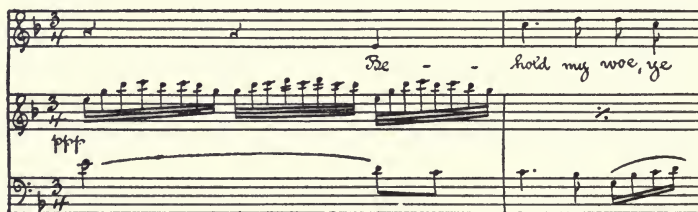
Tocragitato



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



Receiving no reply, the Prince turns away in despair and discovers the trees. He looks at their upward-pointing shafts, and it is during his appeal to them that we hear once more the mournful, earnest appeal of the motive of Truth, beseeching the Prince to heed it:



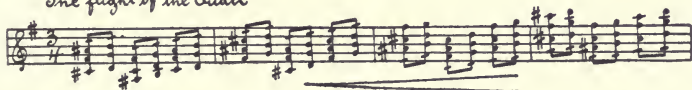
Trip's joyous motive is suddenly heard again, before he reveals himself to the Prince:



THE FALL OF UG

Next, the call of the fairies is heard. Then the fairies appear and dance and gambol and dart through the air on silken wings. The birds of the forest lend their notes to the musical rhythm; the friendly quail take flight to clear the way for the fairy dancers, and through the dance birds are heard calling as if expressing their approval:

The flight of the Quail



Principal Motif of the Dance



The finale, which is the next number of musical importance, is announced by the tympani in solemn, measured tone as the Prince is being prepared for his death. The voices of two bassoons add greater color of sadness:

Adagio



While the Prince is in the depths of despair, the Truth motive is again heard begging for recognition. The youth seems to feel its unknown strength and influence. The

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Priests are seized with fear as the Prince lifts his voice in prayerful declaration. Thunder and lightning ensue. As Ug is demolished, the Truth motive rings up triumphantly. Light, Truth's counterpart, floods the place where once darkness reigned, and the World Hymn of rejoicing is heard:

The motive of Truth sings on in overwhelming majesty. Fear is vanquished.

Maestoso

The Lord made the Earth and the fullness there-of; By His

hands were the deep places laid; The

strength of the mountains the breath of His mouth; In His palm

Passato

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a vocal and piano piece. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (soprano) and a piano accompaniment (piano and bass). The tempo is marked 'Maestoso'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'The Lord made the Earth and the fullness there-of; By His hands were the deep places laid; The strength of the mountains the breath of His mouth; In His palm'. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line continuing with the lyrics 'In His palm'. The tempo changes to 'Passato' at the end of the third system. The key signature changes to two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature remains 2/4.



NEC-NATAMA
THE DANCE OF THE PRIESTS

THE TWELFTH GROVE PLAY
[PERFORMED ON THE EIGHTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1914]

NEC-NATAMA
(COMRADESHIP)
A Forest Play

BY
J. WILSON SHIELS

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY THE COMPOSER

UDA WALDROP

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE PROLOGUE

THE PRIEST	MR. G. F. HERR
A WHITE MAN	MR. AMÉDÉE JOULLIN
THE LOVE WOMAN	MR. HARRIS C. ALLEN
THE HATE WOMAN	MR. GEORGE B. DE LONG
FIRST TORTURER	MR. HENRY S. BATES
SECOND TORTURER	MR. J. D. FLETCHER
FIRST FIRE LIGHTER	MR. A. F. LAWTON
SECOND FIRE LIGHTER	MR. CARL BUNDSCHU
THE SPEAR THROWER	MR. JEROME B. LANDFIELD
THE ARROW AIMER	MR. STEWART L. RAWLINGS
THE KNIFE MAN	MR. G. S. POMEROY

Hate Indians, War Dancers

THE PLAY

THE HIGH PRIEST	MR. RALPH L. PHELPS
AN AGED PRIEST	MR. H. McD. SPENCER
FIRST ASSISTANT PRIEST	MR. E. T. HOUGHTON
SECOND ASSISTANT PRIEST	MR. FRANCIS J. BRUGUIERE
THIRD ASSISTANT PRIEST	MR. H. B. BLATCHLY
FOURTH ASSISTANT PRIEST	MR. W. H. ROBINSON

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

FIFTH ASSISTANT PRIEST	MR. CHARLES F. BULOTTI
A NEOPHYTE	MR. AUSTIN W. SPERRY
FIRST GUARD OF THE HOLY POOL	MR. SCOTT HENDRICKS
SECOND GUARD OF THE HOLY POOL	MR. E. L. TAYLOR
THE GREAT HATE CHIEF	MR. WILLIAM P. HORN
AN INFERIOR CHIEF	MR. R. M. HOTALING
THE SILENT ONE	MR. FRANK L. CORBUSIER
A RUNNER	MR. J. B. BRADY
THE GUARD OF THE RIVER TRAIL	DR. BENJAMIN M. STICH
THE GUARD OF THE TRAIL OF THE SETTING SUN	MR. C. H. LAMBERTON
THE MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE	MR. HAROLD K. BAXTER
THE LOVE WOMAN	MR. HARRIS C. ALLEN
THE DREAMER	MR. MARSHALL DARRACH
FIRST WOODSMAN	MR. BUSH FINNELL
SECOND WOODSMAN	MR. JOSEPH S. THOMPSON
THIRD WOODSMAN	MR. RALPH SLOAN
A VOICE	MR. MACKENZIE GORDON

*Love-Longing Indians, Hate Indians, War Dancers, Hate Braves
Boys, Water-Spirits, Voices of the Treetops, other Voices*

PLACE: The Prologue—A redwood forest. The Play—The same.
TIME: Long ago. Many years are supposed to elapse between the
Prologue and the Play.

. . .

Production directed by MR. FRANK L. MATHIEU.

Setting designed and executed by MR. GEORGE E. LYON, DR. W. A. BRYANT, and MR. E. C. FORD.

NEC-NATAMA

Costumes designed by MR. AMÉDÉE JOULLIN.

Properties designed and executed by DR. HARRY P. CARLTON and
MR. HARRY S. FONDA.

Dance devised and directed by MR. GEORGE B. DE LONG.

Lighting by MR. EDWARD J. DUFFEY.

• • •

Musical Director, MR. UDA WALDROP.

Chorus Master, MR. E. D. CRANDALL.

NEC-NATAMA

(COMRADESHIP)

THE PROLOGUE

A redwood forest. A waterfall flows down a wooded hillside, over a huge rock and ends splashing in a pool. When the world was created (so runs the Indian faith) Great Hand fashioned his features upon the rock, and it was made sacred; then the pool mirrored his face and was made holy. Once, in the dead past, a mighty wind laid low a tree. It fell to the hillside, over the Sacred Rock.

From the hilltop to the glade below flowers bloom in radiant beauty and faintly fill the air with sweet scent. The birds sing and all is bathed in summer light.

Suddenly this fair place is flooded with Indians. They start an irregular torture dance and are frenzied with the desire to impart to the faggots their hate. A WHITE MAN is dragged before them. He is noble and, mindless of all this intense throbbing hate, gazes in adoration at the trees and the beauty of the summer scene. By gesture he shows his love of nature and gives his fellowship and forgiveness. The PRIEST, seated upon the rock-throne, will have none of it, and commands the impatient Indians to proceed with the torture. They take him, with hate-baste, to the blackened torture stake and there they lash him; some build a fire; others leap into the dance and carry the faggots back to the flames; others fill rude cups at the waterfall and either hold them just outside their victim's reach, or dash the water to

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

the ground; others try to spear him, but the spear-heads blunt and fall at every thrust; others endeavor to shoot arrows at the martyr, but the bowstrings break. They stand amazed and try again. The squaws gloat and incite further deviltry. Great is the wrong they do this man, this lover of all things beautiful, and lo! the spiritual LOVE WOMAN of the tribe (fragile in form, delicate of feature, clothed in simple white, a white eagle's feather in her hair) comes out of the waters, over the fallen tree and gives her love to him. She stands motionless, with arms outstretched as if holding a cup filled to overflowing with her love. The eyes of the man at the stake light with understanding and by expression tells her that he takes the full measure of her love. The PRIEST, following the eye of the WHITE MAN, sees this goddess of tribe-love and with a wild fling of his arms commands the Indians to cease the dance and to put out the fire; for love has entered the victim. They, for a moment, go on with the torture and the PRIEST again commands, pointing the while at the LOVE WOMAN; at last it is given to them to see her and they obey. They are panic-stricken with wild terror and in their hurry burn themselves, showing this by blowing on their hands, running to the waterfall, plunging their arms into it, covering their eyes and showing pain, while they beat down the fire. The flames are out. The LOVE WOMAN stands entranced and with joy seems about to return to the waters, to live again, unseen, among her people. The Indians cut free the WHITE MAN from the stake and lead him, untouched by the fire, to the rock-throne and proclaim him chief, for a goddess has come to woo him. They gaze in superstitious awe while he lifts his arms to heaven. The Indians bend down before him. All seems well, but the HATE WOMAN enters. She is all sinuous movement, strong, coarsely beautiful and boldly ornamented with jewelry. She leaps at the LOVE WOMAN, who, fearing, flies up the trail, her black hair flowing in the wind, and, with a despairing gesture from her outspread arms, vanishes from the grove. The HATE WOMAN

NEC-NATAMA

stands supreme. The white chief turns to bless Love upon the trail when lo! the HATE WOMAN meets his eye. She dances and holds out her permissive arms. He is fascinated, he hesitates; control is yet within him. But at last, throwing away his reverent mien and dashing aside the worshiping Indians who seek to stay him, he strides roughly toward her while she waits for him, confident with the pride of victory. When he reaches her, and just as he is about to take her in his arms, the grove is thrown into complete darkness.

Love has left the grove and the doom has come. He has thrown away conscience and Hate is triumphant. The waterfall no longer flows. The flowers fade. The birds are still. All is gloom within the glade.

ORDER OF THE ACTION IN THE PROLOGUE

Torture theme and entrance of torture Indians. Dance of torture. Leaping for the faggots. Entrance of the WHITE MAN and the PRIEST, followed by others. The WHITE MAN's declaration of fellowship. (Fellowship theme.) The refusal of the PRIEST. Torture theme and the torture of the WHITE MAN. The miracle of the spear-heads. The miracle of the bowstrings. The miracle of the flames. The entrance of the LOVE WOMAN. (The Love theme.) The giving and receiving of love between the LOVE WOMAN and the WHITE MAN. The PRIEST's knowledge of the LOVE WOMAN's presence. The torture Indian's knowledge of the LOVE WOMAN's presence. General adoration of the LOVE WOMAN. Subduing of the flames. Liberation of the WHITE MAN. His descent from the stake. The allegiance of the Indians. (Fellowship theme.) Entrance of the HATE WOMAN. (Hate theme.) The flight of the LOVE WOMAN. The dance of the

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

HATE WOMAN. *The fascination of the WHITE MAN. The approach of darkness. The fading of the flowers. The cessation of the waterfall over the Sacred Rock. The flight of conscience from the WHITE MAN. The WHITE MAN's flight up the hill to the HATE WOMAN. The coming of darkness.*

THE PLAY

The scene is the same as in the Prologue, but without sunlight. All is gloom within the glade. Unkind time has been at work. All is sullen. The black stake stands in the ashes of past tortures. The hillside is peopled with busy Hate Indians. They make bows, arrows and spears. A squaw is seen weaving a war head-dress; another is dipping arrow-heads into a poison brew. Each has his own little fire of dried willows. The thin smoke of the fire, to say nothing of the characteristic odor of the willow smoke, adds to the atmosphere of the scene. On the lower level, near the Holy Pool, are two Love-Longing Indians; one, an AGED PRIEST, the other a NEOPHYTE. They crouch near the water's edge and are in deep sadness. Near by, to the left of them, are two Guards of the Holy Pool; they are less devout.

VOICES (*singing in the distance*)

To-night the treetops listen tense.
The forest deep, in reverence,
The moonbeams shine with constant glow.
The Grove Song is so sad and low.
The birds are still. The flowers yearn.
Ah! Love, they wait for your return.

The drooping flowers fall and fade.
And all is gloom within the glade.
They long to live in love again.
Yet all is whisp'ring hate and pain.
Birds listen sadly in the leaves.
Ah! Love, fly back upon the breeze.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*The music changes and two Indian boys bound forth upon an upper trail, running here and there in vicious play. They separate and chase each other until they spy the Love-Longing Indians at the Holy Pool. They pause and plot in whispers; then with cunning and under cover, they sneak to within throwing distance and cast a stone into the Holy Pool. The incidental music ceases. They boys run off laughing through the woods. This action startles the Love-Longing Indians. The FIRST GUARD lifts his spear to aim and slay.*

THE AGED PRIEST

Kill not!

FIRST GUARD (*still aiming*)

They foul the Holy Pool.

SECOND GUARD

Fast they run. Try no more. (*drawing an arrow*) If they come again they will not grow to follow the Great Hate Chief.

THE NEOPHYTE

Let all things live. So orders the High Priest.

FIRST GUARD

(*pointing to the workers on the hill*)

See. They live to kill.

THE AGED PRIEST

Hot is their war-blood.

NEC-NATAMA

SECOND GUARD

They hunt well. To trail elk and deer is better than to gather acorns.

THE NEOPHYTE

We hunt far to gather nuts. Here nothing grows. (*pointing to the Holy Pool*) See, no lilies live. Why is this?

THE AGED PRIEST

The Great Spirit is angry.

THE NEOPHYTE

Tell of this.

THE AGED PRIEST

Many moons ago. Not within the time of three tribes. A great spirit, the Love Woman, dwelt with the lilies in this Holy Pool. No brave had sight of her. Unseen, she created love and gave it to our people. Unseen, called the sun to grow the flowers. Unseen, made flowers give up heavy scent to twilight air. Unseen, called love-light to the moon. So, by love alone our people were made ready for the Mighty One. All praised her. All was peace, power and just vengeance. When, lo! she fled. . . . All was changed. . . . We watch for her return.

THE NEOPHYTE (*with reverence*)

I watch!

[*He crouches at the pool.*]

SECOND GUARD

(*pointing with his spear to Hate Indians*)

They do not watch.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE AGED PRIEST

They have no faith. They are Hate braves. They follow the Great Hate Chief.

FIRST GUARD

I followed once.

SECOND GUARD

And I. Big war-man. Good chief for us.

THE AGED PRIEST

No. He runs wild.

THE NEOPHYTE

He is like the panther, all strength and fight. He hastes for blood.

FIRST GUARD

No one finds food, or foe, if keen he seeks not. Does the hound kill the deer, if he scent like the village dog?

SECOND GUARD

If they fight he fights back. It is good for the tribe that he hates keen.

THE AGED PRIEST

Hate is good to guard life. Hate is bad to make fight, without cause. The Great Hate Chief travels far to make fight. So the Great Spirit is angry and the Love Woman has fled. Heard you the Grove Song?

SECOND GUARD

No. When? I hear not the Spirits. I am no priest.

NEC-NATAMA

THE AGED PRIEST

Yet you hear and see nature. . . . Is this summer?

SECOND GUARD

Yes.

THE AGED PRIEST

Comes the same sun-god to all lands?

SECOND GUARD

True.

THE AGED PRIEST

The seasons are the same?

SECOND GUARD

Good.

THE AGED PRIEST

Then look and know. Grey light fills this forest; sun-light floods the Loveland. Here no flowers grow; they bloom full in Loveland. Listen! Hear you the bird-song? . . . It is singing strong in Loveland.

(picking up some dry grass)

Lo! the grass dies; the God of cloud and rain grows waving grain in Loveland. Look! the waters flow weak and shallow, they fall with little splash.

[Suddenly with arms outstretched he prays.

Oh God of sudden dawn! Where are the waters?

[He pauses as if bearing an answer.

Gone, by secret ways to charm the Loveland. We feel the shadows' gloom, they breed fellowship in Loveland. The Great Spirit is angry. I have spoken.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

SECOND GUARD (*somewhat impressed*)

Will the Love Woman fly back?

THE AGED PRIEST

It is so told.

FIRST GUARD

When, O priest?

THE AGED PRIEST

When human love comes victor to a Great Hate Chief.

FIRST GUARD

All fear this chief. Fear makes a poor fight. How then may pure love come to him?

THE AGED PRIEST

Great is the Mighty One. Pray that he send a gentle maiden, brave with the power of love.

THE NEOPHYTE

Tell. Why did the Love Woman fly?

THE AGED PRIEST

She gave love to a paleface, making him a chief. The Evil One sent the Hate Woman to fight her. The Hate Woman won. The Love Woman fled. Then did the white chief throw away Control and breed with Hate, and Strife was born.

THE NEOPHYTE

If love comes to this our chief, how will the Love Woman know?

THE AGED PRIEST

Love will call Conscience to its home. For Love is the home of Conscience. And Conscience will call the Spirit

NEC-NATAMA

Woman back. She will hear. Then will the grove grant fellowship to all.

THE NEOPHYTE

How will Conscience come?

THE AGED PRIEST

I know not. Now is the moon-time-of-falling-leaf. The High Priest comes to seek a sapling at this torture stake. For it is told:

“When, from a hidden trunk, a tender
sapling grows;
All the living world will know, what
strength to weakness owes.”

Then shall we know Control.

SECOND GUARD
(running up to the stake)

No sapling here.

FIRST GUARD
(sneers and turns away)

THE AGED PRIEST *(to the GUARD)*

Sneer not. He who seeks and shows his teeth never finds.

SECOND GUARD *(gazing into the forest)*

The High Priest comes!

[A goodly number of Love-Longing Indians enter, for the most part pipe-players and converts from the Hate Indians.]

ALL

Hail! O medicine-man.
Reader of moon and sun.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Hail! O patient priest.
Slave of the Mighty One.

[*The HIGH PRIEST and Assistant Priests enter. He takes his place upon the throne. He returns the acclaim with a sign.*

THE NEOPHYTE (*at the stake, excited*)

O High Priest! No sign of sapling here.

THE HIGH PRIEST (*with some annoyance*)

Approach.

[*The NEOPHYTE jumps from the stake and kneels.*

Break not the coming ceremony. Your tongue is young.
Listen, learn, have faith.

[*The NEOPHYTE is properly subdued; yet he is very reverent and kneels, taking this as just censure.*

THE AGED PRIEST

Master of mystery, we have watched the Sacred Throne.
(*turning to the others*) All hail! The High Priest! The Priest of Love is great and he alone!

ALL (*very solemnly*)

Hail!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Comes now the moon-time-of-falling-leaf. The mist rests on the river. Hear the story of the stake.

[*The pipe-players gather round the Holy Pool. The Assistant Priests squat down and form a semi-circle from the HIGH PRIEST to about the center of the open space. Others stand behind them, facing the HIGH PRIEST. The NEOPHYTE stands at the foot of the rock throne. The Hate Indians on the hill cease their work. Some withdraw, having no interest in the ceremony.*

NEC-NATAMA

Others remain and listen listlessly. The music of a pipe is heard; weird and low. The HIGH PRIEST gives a sign. The FIRST ASSISTANT PRIEST leaves the semi-circle and goes to the stake. He starts a slow religious dance around it. After he has gone once round, the SECOND ASSISTANT PRIEST does likewise; then the THIRD ASSISTANT PRIEST; then the FOURTH ASSISTANT PRIEST, until all four are slowly dancing. The pipes continue.

FIRST ASSISTANT PRIEST
(stepping out of the dance)

Oh! High Priest of all the Love tribe.
Hearing message from the Great One.
Knowing all the past traditions.
Solving them to all the people. . . .
Speak! *[He steps back into the dance.]*

SECOND ASSISTANT PRIEST
(stepping out of dance)

Mouthpiece of the birds, and fishes.
Knowing all the roots, and berries.
Favored by the Wonder Worker.
Servant of the gods that serve him. . . .
Speak! *[He steps back into the dance.]*

THIRD ASSISTANT PRIEST
(stepping out of the dance)

Reader of the sudden starlight,
Flashing fast across the heavens,
To the resting-place of spirits,
To the home of souls departed! . . .
Speak! *[He steps back into the dance.]*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

FOURTH ASSISTANT PRIEST

(stepping out of the dance)

Lo! the bridge of little starlight!
Lo! the distant summer starlight!
Lo! the moon-time of traditions,
Orders thee to straightway tell us,
Of the Love Maid, and the white chief.
Of the time she lived among us,
All unseen beside the lilies,
Giving love to all our people.
How the Hate Maid—Child of Evil—
Came and won the white chief from her. . . .
Speak! Oh, speak!

ALL *(rising)*

Speak! Oh, speak!

[*The HIGH PRIEST leaves the rock throne, followed by two who carry the medicine pouch, and strides to the torture stake; then, with a solemn ritualistic gesture, throws the contents of the pouch upon the stake.*]

THE HIGH PRIEST

After long and weary watching,
To this blackened stake of torture,
Came a storm of awful thunder,
Crashing redwoods all about me,
Bending treetops low, in anguish.
Flying ashes of the victims,
Whirled around the stake in circles,
Forming ghosts of those who suffered,
From the flames of long ago.

[*The Indians murmur.*]

Yet the rain-god, he was silent,

NEC-NATAMA

Strange and awful was the night-time,
When the voice of one departed,
Came and told to me this story.

[*The Indians murmur again. The HIGH PRIEST
strides to the lower level and takes his place on
the rock throne.*

Through the grove, all gay with summer,
Went the hunting braves, at daylight,
To the rushing winding river,
Winding wildly to the ocean.
Then the clear air of the morning,
Showed no river-haze obscuring.
And the keen eye of a hunter
Saw the thick smoke of the stranger
Curling heavy, from the treetops,
Showing plainly where he rested,
Showing he had little wisdom.

FIRST ASSISTANT PRIEST

You are sage, O Wonder Reader.
For the thin smoke of our people,
Shows the cunning of the hunter.

FIRST GUARD

Good. The smoke of little willows,
Made from willows that are sun-dried,
Rises like the summer vapors
That are blue within the canyon.
So the hawk is oft mistaken.

SECOND GUARD

And the eye of foolish white men
Sees but blue within the canyon.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

SECOND ASSISTANT PRIEST

Speak, O priest!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Then the hunters started circling,
Coming closer, ever closer,
Like the eagle when he's flying,
Till, at noon, they came upon him.
Then they paused, and looked, and wondered,
For the picture that they saw there,
They had never seen aforetime.

[*Music is heard—the Fellowship theme.*]

He was manly, strong and gentle;
And he rested there in sunlight,
With no spoils of war beside him.
Lo! the white birds, from the treetops,
Flew with fellowship about him.
They were flying with the secrets,
All the secrets of the treetops.
And the timid ones of woodland,
They were fearless in their playing,
As they gamboled all about him. . . .

Only strife of little insects
Hurt the stillness of the noon-time.

[*The Fellowship theme ends.*]

All of this they saw and wondered,
And they feared to fall upon him.
They were faint with thought of slaying,
For he seemed a god of nature.
Yet they came a little nearer,
With the cunning of the hunter.
And the birds flew wild with warning.
And the timid ones of woodland,

NEC-NATAMA

Ran with fear into the forest.
But he took no heed of danger.
And bewildered, he was captured.

[The music resumes with the Torture theme.]

Then they drove, and dragged him footsore,
To this grove, and there they lashed him
To this stake of many tortures,
And in fury flamed the faggots.

[The Torture theme ends.]

Lo! the faggots would not burn him!
Lo! the knife and sharpened spear-heads,
Broke and blunted when they hurled them!

[The music resumes with the Love Woman theme.]

Then in all this hate and fury,
Came the Love Maid of our people,
From the waters that were splashing,
Splashing strongly in the pool.
She, the Love Maid of our people,
Who had lived with water-lilies
In the Holy Pool for ages,
Granting love to all our people,
Came in human form to love him,
For the wrong that they had done him.

[The Love Woman theme ends.]

Then they knew that they had blundered
And in haste put out the fire.
Love had entered strong the white man,
For her light was all about him,
As they called him to the rock throne
And they claimed him as their chieftain,
For a goddess came to woo him.

[The music resumes with the Hate theme.]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

But alas! The Evil Spirit
Sent a hating, lustful woman
To the grove, to fight the Love Maid,
And to win the white man from her.
Hate did win the Love confounded,
Fled with fright across the bridges.
Up the trail, her black hair flowing
Far behind her with her speeding.
Then, with outspread arms, she vanished. . . .
Then, with wicked spell, the Hate One
Danced, and lured the new-born chieftain
From his worship of the Love Maid,
From his Conscience—from Control.
Then the Great One doomed the chieftain,
Doomed the woman who had won him.
Doomed their sons to come thereafter,
Doomed them all to Hate and Strife. . . .
*[He pauses and the silence is broken only by the
sound of falling water.]*

This the story of the Love Maid,
From the voice of awful thunder,
From the voice long since departed.

FIRST GUARD

Our chief is great.

THIRD ASSISTANT PRIEST

Great in Strife. He is the child of the doomed.

SECOND ASSISTANT PRIEST

Yet he is better than his kind.
I have seen him ill at ease after wrong.
The fault lies not with him but with his fathers.

NEC-NATAMA

THE HIGH PRIEST

You speak true. Pray that love come to him.

SECOND GUARD (*with pride*)

Great strength. Eye of eagle. Ear of deer. Nose like bear. Cunning as fox. Great war-man. Our chief is great!

THE NEOPHYTE

Aye, great lust!

SECOND ASSISTANT PRIEST

Alas, the seed of evil holds high place!

THE NEOPHYTE

We are doomed. No flowers grow. I grieve.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Have faith. Hear me.

[He bends over the Holy Pool, makes a few mysterious signs, and then speaks in a voice of prophecy.]

A maid will come with power of pure love. She will fight a Great Hate Chief. She will win and Hate will fly from him. Then will the Mighty One be kind and send back the White Chief's Conscience. Then will the Love Woman come to live again, with the lilies and, unseen, breed love among our people. Have hope, O youth. I have spoken.

THE NEOPHYTE

How will Conscience come?

THE HIGH PRIEST

I know not how. By man, beast or bird. Therefore kill no living thing.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE NEOPHYTE

Will there be a sign?

THE HIGH PRIEST

When sapling springs from blackened stump! Keep watch.

THE NEOPHYTE

(leaping to the stake and keenly looking)

Alas, there is no sapling here. *(despondently)* We are doomed!

FIRST ASSISTANT PRIEST

(with religious fervor)

Lift the gloom, O Spirit of Light!

SECOND ASSISTANT PRIEST

(with religious fervor)

We sorrow for Love, O Gentle One!

THIRD ASSISTANT PRIEST

All is strife. The spear, the arrow, the war-axe conquer. Bring peace, O Mighty One! Bring peace!

THE HIGH PRIEST

(with solemn reverence)

This the moon-time, O Mighty Spirit!
When long ago a wrong was done.
See how the redwoods grieve in silence.
Lift now the doom, O Mighty One!

[He strides over to the Holy Pool. The Love-Longing Indians follow and all arrange themselves for the ceremony of the Prayer and Lament, which now takes place to the accompaniment of pipes.]

NEC-NATAMA

FIFTH ASSISTANT PRIEST (*singing*)

Pause in Thy wonder-work, O Mighty Spirit!
Listen, with grace, to our prayer and our woe.
Call back the Love Maid who fled from the forest,
Affrighted by Hate in the long, long ago.

CHORUS

Spring up, O Sun-God,
Bounteous giver!
Lord of the Love tribe.
Hear our prayer.
Now Mighty Spirit!
Out of the waters
Call back the Love Maid.
Stay our despair.

FIFTH ASSISTANT PRIEST (*singing*)

Welcome the swift things we send with the message.
The wood-rat, the deer, the snake and the bird.
O God of all gods, with love and compassion,
Give to the White-Wing thy wonderful word.

CHORUS

O great River-God!
O most Mighty One!
Wild in the winter,
Tame in the spring!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Foam fast the waters
Into the Holy Pool;
Over the Sacred Rock
Loud thundering!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

CHORUS

O God of Sudden Dawn!
Doomer of shadows,
Maker of flaming light,
Lifting the gloom.

O God of Cloud and Rain!
Fall on the tired leaf;
Sink to the striving root;
Make flowers bloom!

[*The pipes continue to play low. The Love-Longing Indians are in silent prayer. A memory of the Hate theme is played and an INFERIOR CHIEF enters unnoticed by them. He smiles and with gestures summons his retinue of Braves and commands them to silence, pointing at the devotional group. Looking about for a stone, he finds one and points to it. One of his Braves hands it to him and he flings it over the heads of the Love-Longing Indians. It falls with a splash in the Holy Pool. The pipes cease. The HIGH PRIEST and his followers start to their feet.*

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Look! Look! Beware the ripples! If they touch a sickness comes upon you. (*sarcastically*) Prayer seems to blunt your bravery. Is it not time to gather acorns?

FIRST GUARD

(*striding up to him angrily*)

Squaw work!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Is it?

NEC-NATAMA

THE HIGH PRIEST

(in anger but touched with fear)

You mock. You dare to splash the waters!

[The INFERIOR CHIEF walks to the Holy Pool, looks down at it and points.]

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

You looked too long at yourself. I saved you from the sin of pride. *(sarcastically)* Thank me, O mighty priest!

THE HIGH PRIEST

The pool is holy and

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Holy? Is it known? O wise one! Are you sure it is holy? It looks evil.

FIRST ASSISTANT PRIEST

All things look evil to you.

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Do they?

[He measured the depth of the pool with his spear. This is even a greater sacrilege and the Love-Longing Indians murmur. He takes no notice of them, but looks at the mark upon the spear and then speaks with feigned surprise.]

It is almost dry! A shallow home for the Love Woman, if she return. *(innocently)* Is she not a water-spirit?

HIGH PRIEST *(in alarm)*

Heed him not. He is bad. Love will return.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE INFERIOR CHIEF (*ingratiatingly*)

How long, O reader of the stars, since the Love Woman fled?

HIGH PRIEST

Alas! Three tribes ago!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF
(*as if in deep thought*)

Hm! Three tribes ago? Hm! A long time. A long flight. She has flown to the end of the world. If she fly back, it will not be in our time. A pity. I am sad.

[*Some of the Love-Longing Indians, especially the two Guards, look up suddenly. This is a new idea to them. They speak together and nod their heads. Seeing this out of the corner of his eye and noting its effect, the INFERIOR CHIEF continues slyly.*]

But it is foolish to long for her! It is not good to be sad! Sadness makes the blood thick.

[*Several more of the Love-Longing Indians show interest.*]

THE HIGH PRIEST
(*in fear and excitement*)

Hear him not, he is of the Evil Spirit!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF (*ignoring this*)

We who follow the Great Hate Chief do not long for her. We live well. We hunt. We do not pick berries. You know, O High Priest, our chief is great!

[*The Indians murmur.*]

No? Good! I will tell him. It will please him. He is

NEC-NATAMA

so calm. You know, O reader of the stars, our great chief guards our sleep?

[He waits for an answer. The Priests and Indians are silent.]

He is victorious, O wise one?

[Silence.]

Even now, he fights to bring the spoils of war—the cattle and women of our foes. Does he not?

[Silence.]

O priest, they tell me you are the Lord of the Love tribe. Will you take this pleasure from our chief?

[Silence.]

[Failing to trap them he suddenly changes his tone.]

Come! We are rich! Leave this old man. He is too proud of himself. Hate well that you may live well. If we want peace, for he talks of nothing but peace, we need not fight.

[Some of the Love-Longing Indians, including the Guards, cross over to his side. He smiles.]

Now, you show sense.

THE HIGH PRIEST (*with great concern*)

Oh, foolish ones! No peace comes from Strife. While the peace of Love is everlasting!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF (*imitating him*)

Oh, foolish one! You say Love is not here. Where then is your peace? Heed him not.

THE HIGH PRIEST

That we may live well, we long for love.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

That we may live well, we slay. To slay well, we hate. From the eye to the edge of the world all things slay to live. It is nature's law. (*imitating the HIGH PRIEST*) Be natural, Oh, my people!

THE HIGH PRIEST (*in anger*)

With you, evil one, all nature dies before its time.

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Oh, wise priest! To know the dying time of nature. (*commandingly*) Come, waverers, leave these thin prattlers. Stain not your fingers berry-picking, but stain them in foe's blood.

[*Others cross over.*

Welcome! Is he not a silly old man?

THE HIGH PRIEST (*in alarm*)

Return! Oh, return! He leads you to ruin! Oh, my people, come back! Beware, O Evil One who brings out the bad, you play with your death. The Great One is angry!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Heat not your blood, old man. You play with your death. Be careful. You may not live to see the Love Woman.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Hear me! Without love, this tribe will pass. The trees, our gentle gods for ages, demand fellowship! We little heed the lesson of the grove and all is gloom and grey. Roots grow weak and treetops moan with thirst made greater by the little mist drinks. The leaves tire, and no flowers bloom. Love has fled, and thou, slave of evil, art

NEC-NATAMA

watching to slay the good within us. I pray your death
that Love return!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Bah! You wield no weapon but your tongue! Be silent,
like a squaw.

[*The NEOPHYTE, exalted by the HIGH PRIEST's lesson
and wild with anger at this insult, draws a knife
and rushes at the INFERIOR CHIEF.*

At last I hate! I hate! Die, evil one! Die!

[*The INFERIOR CHIEF wards off the blow with great
ease and with a smile seizes the knife.*

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Love-longing makes thee weak.

[*He starts to stab the helpless NEOPHYTE when a
RUNNER appears on an upper trail.*

THE RUNNER

Hail!

[*The RUNNER leaps down over the bridges and stops
rigid on the lower hillside.*

Comes the Hate chief! Swift as panther!
From the land of warlike people!
Bringing spoils of bloody battle
After long and heavy fighting! . . .
Comes the Hate Chief! Swift as eagle!
From the land of gentle people.
Bringing maiden who is captive
To his craft and to his cunning.

[*He runs off. The Indians gather from all sides.
A band of war-men appears on the upper trail.
They are followed by the captive MAIDEN OF*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE GENTLE PEOPLE. *Her hands are bound behind her back. From her neck a rope leads loose to the neck of a mustang ridden by the GREAT HATE CHIEF. The maiden shows no fear, but walks with pride. When the GREAT HATE CHIEF appears on the hillside, followed by his retinue, the Indians below break into song.*

CHORUS

Hail, Great Hate Chief!
He who fights well
Fierce foes to quell.
Hear our war-yell—Great Chief!

Hail, Great Hate Chief!
Who lives to fight,
Who longs to smite,
Brave foes to fight—Hate Chief!

Skilled in craft of war
Wonder warrior,
Keen, with eagle eye.
Seeing far away,
Foes who come to fight,
Meet his arrow shot—Great Chief!

Swift as deer in flight,
Ear like doe with fawn,
Hearing falling leaf,
Strong as redwood-tree.
Fighting with his might.
Bringing victory—Hate Chief!

Hail, Great Hate Chief!
He who hates straight.
His axe will sate.
War-man!—Great Hate Chief!



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "NEC-NATAMA"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

NEC-NATAMA

[*The GREAT HATE CHIEF gives a sign and THE SILENT ONE steps out. The GREAT HATE CHIEF points to the MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE. THE SILENT ONE takes the rope from her neck and cuts the thongs from her wrists. The INFERIOR CHIEF obsequiously holds the GREAT HATE CHIEF's pony as he dismounts. The GREAT HATE CHIEF goes to the throne and beckons the MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE to follow. She obeys slowly, and stands in no submissive way at his side.*

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

Great fight! Well done! Dance!

[*A War-dance is performed, the dancers finally dashing off in a mad fury.*

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

Guard river trail. Watch well.

[*A Brave goes out.*

Guard trail of setting sun. Watch well.

[*Another Brave goes out.*

Priest, watch well this maiden. Be kind.

(*to others of his retinue*)

Come! Follow me!

[*He goes out, followed by his retinue.*

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

(*touching THE SILENT ONE, detains him*)

Whence comes this woman?

THE SILENT ONE

From Gentle People. Land of rising sun.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Two days' journey. You take four. You travel slow.
Why?

THE SILENT ONE

Great Hate Chief's command. She young . . . trail
rough. . . . She foot-tired. Ask no more. (*proudly*) I
follow Great Chief. I have spoken.

[*He goes out.*]

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

The maiden bringing love! It is not good.

[*He goes out, in deep thought.*]

THE HIGH PRIEST (*to Assistant Priests*)

Go!

[*The Assistant Priests go out. The MAIDEN OF THE
GENTLE PEOPLE goes slowly to the stake and
makes a few medicine signs.*]

THE HIGH PRIEST

O Judge of Vengeance, give sign! Behold the maiden.
Is she the virgin bringing love to the Great Hate Chief,
that he may know Control? Is she the soft cloud before
the sun? Will the Great Hate Chief take her? Will the
sun shine with love upon us?

(*looking at the base of a tree*)

No sign! No sapling grows!

Then speak, O soul departed!

[*He lifts his arms. A glow appears at the foot of the
tree.*]

A VOICE (*singing*)

When virgin love shall enter him,
Passion then begets no sin.

NEC-NATAMA

Then in hollow of his heart
Conscience comes ne'er to depart.

THE HIGH PRIEST (*singing*)

O God of the Treetops, give Love to my people.
(*singing*)

Are you the maiden of old tradition,
Bringing the grove a love-lighted dawn?
Sing that the treetops may know of thy presence;
Sing that a fellowship love may be born.

Soft gentle maid, like a deer in the autumn,
Be fearless and brave in this hate-shadowed place.
Make captive our chief by your wondrous beauty;
Hold him a slave by your god-given grace.

Sing to the heavens a full-throated song,
A song that the birds will echo to thee.
Bring all the sorrowing life of the forest
Back to its joy with a love melody.

THE MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE (*singing*)

By a shady tree and a running brook
A Love Woman gave me birth.
And I drank strong love from her full, rich breasts,
As brown as the breasts of earth.

THE VOICE OF A TREETOP (*singing*)

The wind blows soft through our spreading leaves.
Sing on, sweet maid, the song of the trees.
For the song we sing to the stars above,
Is the song of a perfect fellowship love.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE (*singing*)

And great is the power of virgin love,
To bring a brave to his mate.
So I will fight this Great Hate Chief,
And win him from his hate.

THE VOICE OF ANOTHER TREETOP (*singing*)

Soft is the tread of your foot on the leaves.
Sing on, sweet maid, the song of the trees.
Bring fellowship love that the flowers may bloom,
For without love they grieve in the gloom.

THE MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE (*singing*)

And he shall have my power of love,
And all my weakness too.
And he will worship wonder things,
As all true lovers do.
Then love will breed sweet fellowship,
And the trees will sing their song.
And the grove will worship at your feet,
From evenfall till dawn.

THE VOICES OF OTHER TREETOPS (*singing*)

Sweet is your song of love to our leaves.
Sing on, sweet maid, the song of the trees.
Sing that the grove by the Sun-God be kissed;
Sing that the weary leaves sleep in the mist.

[*The HIGH PRIEST, in a fatherly and reverent manner, leads the MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE away. The GREAT HATE CHIEF and the INFERIOR CHIEF enter. They watch the MAIDEN*

NEC-NATAMA

OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE *as she passes out of sight—the GREAT HATE CHIEF, with awakening love, the INFERIOR CHIEF with hate and resentment.*

THE INFERIOR CHIEF
(*with the utmost consideration*)

What fights you, Great Chief, greater than all others?

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF
(*with deep concern*)

I know not where I go. I rush on like winter river. I rest not my mind.

THE INFERIOR CHIEF
(*with affectionate anxiety*)

Rest your body. You traveled too fast upon the trail. (*sneeringly*) O swift one!

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF
No. The maiden wearied. I went slow.

THE INFERIOR CHIEF
(*with solicitude and watching him narrowly*)

Then you fight too long, and are weary. Sunrise will see you again the Great Hate Chief.

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF
"Hate Chief"! I like not the name. It sounds evil to me.

THE INFERIOR CHIEF
It is evil, to others. All fear you, O mighty war-man!

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF
(*after a pause*)

This maiden. Her land but a swift two days' journey.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

All peace, rushing water and rising sun. Her people do not fight. They do not hate. There is no strife. Their seasons are the same. See! This grove is in gloom. No flowers grow. Why is this?

THE INFERIOR CHIEF (*with solicitude*)

We are a tree tribe. The sun is little in the trees. Rest now. Think later.

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

The Great One is angry with my people. Or, is it I?

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

No! Not you, mighty Chief. Command me and I will lay waste this maiden's land. Then think no more of it.

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

See, the forest gloom deepens!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

A cloud passes. Oh, rest, eagle, rest! Think no more of this.

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

She has sorrow for her people. She has spoken.

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

She will soon forget. It is their way.

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF
(*in sudden anger*)

Speak no evil of her.

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

I speak no evil. To forget is the gift of the gods. The wound remains not open.

NEC-NATAMA

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

She is like the sun. When I look at her, I pray in my mind. Is the Great One calling me to the things he makes beautiful? I conquer. The pride of war is mine, yet I sorrow. Why? I am punished. O Mighty Spirit, lift now this burden. What burden? I know not. . . . Something fights me. I have spoken.

[*He sits and gazes despondently into the Holy Pool.*
The INFERIOR CHIEF gazes at the GREAT HATE CHIEF with hatred. THE SILENT ONE goes out.

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

The maid is beautiful.

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

She has starlight beauty! She is fawn-eyed!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Good. She is your war prize. Take her, O Chief. . . . Where goes Silent One?

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

I know not. I care not.

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

It was he who told me she was beautiful. He spoke long of her. Like you, O Chief, but not so well. He did not think of . . . "Starlight beauty," but he spoke long and well. Strange. He is called Silent One. Where goes he, I wonder?

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

I know not. . . . You say he spoke of her?

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

A long time. He told me he was happy, for she smiled upon him.

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

Go on!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

I told him she was your war prize, but he smiled.

[*The GREAT HATE CHIEF draws his knife and, with sudden, panther-like spring, threatens the other.*

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

Bring him! Bring him to me!

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

No! Not him, but her. Take her now. She is not for a brave. Be quick. Be not blind. Kill him at sunrise. Take her now.

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF (*in wild rage*)

Ho!

[*A Brave comes running.*

Bring the maiden!

[*The Brave runs off.*

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

O panther! Kill him at sunrise. Take her now!

[*The MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE is brought in by the Brave, followed by the HIGH PRIEST and his retinue. THE SILENT ONE enters with them.*

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF
(*pointing to THE SILENT ONE*)

Guard him. Go kill him at sunrise.

NEC-NATAMA

[*Braves take THE SILENT ONE away. The INFERIOR CHIEF roughly brings the MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE to the GREAT HATE CHIEF.*

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

War prize, O mighty Chief!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Thou plotter of mischief!

[*The MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE stands fearless. The HIGH PRIEST steps forward to protect her. The trees moan. The theme of Hate is heard in the music. The MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE lifts her arms in prayer.*

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

Bind her.

[*Braves bind the MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE.*

Two-faced squaw, I——

[*The call of the Guard of the River Trail is heard afar off. It is repeated by the Guard of the Rising Sun Trail. All are suddenly tense with listening. The GREAT HATE CHIEF makes a sign. A young Brave steps out and gives the answering call. All listen. The call is answered.*

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

Paleface!

[*All scurry to cover. The Indians take ambush on all sides. The GREAT HATE CHIEF takes the MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE with him. The theme of Hate is heard. A light falls upon the blackened stake. Now the theme of the Water-Spirits enters in the music, and from the water-*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

fall, from the stream and from the Holy Pool the Water-Spirits come. The Water-Spirits dance with beckoning gestures and finally disappear in the waters whence they came. During the dance a sapling is seen to grow from the blackened torture stake. The DREAMER and three Woodsmen enter. The DREAMER gazes in rapt adoration at the grove, at the Sacred Rock, at the waterfall and at the great trees. The Woodsmen stand in a group. It is easily seen that they are in anger.

FIRST WOODSMAN

I'll go no further. I'm tired of this aimless march.

SECOND WOODSMAN

And I! Do we seek gold?

THIRD WOODSMAN

I know not, but it's time to ask.

SECOND WOODSMAN

If it be gold, is it a certain find?

THIRD WOODSMAN

I know not! (*pointing to the DREAMER*) He has been silent too long.

SECOND WOODSMAN

We have crossed fast-growing lands, where all was sunlight and rest. He took no heed of them. Now he waits in this forest gloom. What is he after? (*to the DREAMER*) Hear us. Where go we? What do you seek? We will go no farther unless we know.

NEC-NATAMA

THE DREAMER

Take heart. Hear my dream. My wonder dream. I saw within a grove of silent trees, a man. Great was his glory, for he was Self-denial. It was night, and the moonlight shewn gave light to guard the sleep of nature. The smoke of his fire filled the air with phantoms, and the sparks were as little stars flying to their brothers in the sky. Suddenly all went evil. The man laughed and cried aloud, "I care not, I have yet my senses to satisfy."

Then a voice said, "Let evil own thee. Let thy unbridled senses sway thee. Let beauty shun thee. Hear not the song of the birds. Thou and thy race shall live in gloom and they shall hate and be hated, until one, made perfect by a virgin love, shall cry aloud, 'O mighty Spirit, lift now this burden.' Then will I make a dream and give the dreamer thy conscience that thou hast thrown away, and he will go forth, seeking this one made pure by love."

Such was my dream. I am the dreamer. I am the bearer of the conscience. My journey is nearly over; my duty nearly ended. I seek the son, making him a god!

FIRST WOODSMAN

A dream!

SECOND WOODSMAN

Footsore, and half starved for a dream. Parched on the plains for a dream!

THIRD WOODSMAN

Mountain, flood and danger for a dream. We have been fooled.

FIRST WOODSMAN

(suddenly looking back with great fear)

Shall we suffer the same for a dream? No!

[He grasps at his hunting-knife.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE DREAMER

I have answered.

SECOND WOODSMAN

We will go no further.

THE DREAMER

Then leave me.

FIRST WOODSMAN

Aye! We will leave you, and may you die in a dream!
Come.

[The Woodsmen start into the forest. Immediately arrows fly from every thicket on the hill and the cries of the Woodsmen proclaim their death. The Indians flood the scene from all sides and some lay hands upon the DREAMER. Others bring faggots to the torture stump to which the Indians start to drag the DREAMER.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

Hold! This man lives! Some power held the fatal arrow. Yet swift sped death to the redman's foe. It is the moon-time of the soul departed. Beware!

[The Indians hesitate and turn to the GREAT HATE CHIEF, who also hesitates with superstitious fear.]

THE INFERIOR CHIEF

Slay him. This is foolish talk.

[The Indians show impatience at the delay.]

See how your people rage.

[The Indians again start to drag the DREAMER toward the stake.]

NEC-NATAMA

THE DREAMER (*calmly*)

You know I come here for your good.

[*The NEOPHYTE runs to the stake and is astonished to see the sapling that has grown from it.*

THE INFERIOR CHIEF (*beside himself*)

Hear him not. This tribe will be lost. (*turning to the Indians*) Light the faggots.

[*Indians rush to the DREAMER and some move toward the stake with the faggots. The NEOPHYTE makes a move to guard the stake.*

THE GREAT HATE CHIEF

No! . . . Wait!

[*He throws the INFERIOR CHIEF to the ground.*

THE HIGH PRIEST

Behold the maiden in the grove. Love has entered your heart and made a home for Conscience. Now, art thou the Great Love Chief.

THE NEOPHYTE

See! See! A sapling grows!

[*All gaze in awe. The NEOPHYTE runs down to the DREAMER and bends low in reverence. The INFERIOR CHIEF draws his dagger and rushes at the DREAMER. The NEOPHYTE wards off the blow and stabs the INFERIOR CHIEF, who falls at the feet of the DREAMER.*

THE NEOPHYTE

Evil is dead!

THE HIGH PRIEST (*looking up the hill*)

Behold the Love Woman! Praise her, O my people!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*The LOVE WOMAN enters. She descends the trail. The waterfall bursts out in greater volume. Flowers spring up at her feet. All is radiant light around her. The Water-Spirits leap from the stream and make her train. With every step she dispels the forest gloom. He who was the GREAT HATE CHIEF starts up the hill to meet her, by his side the MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE. They are in a trance of love, and the flowers grow and make a way for them. The Indians look on in amazement while they sing their acclaim. When the CHIEF and the MAIDEN come to the LOVE WOMAN, she vanishes. He who is now the GREAT LOVE CHIEF turns to the MAIDEN OF THE GENTLE PEOPLE, takes her in his arms and gives her the pure kiss of love. The waters rush over the rocks and splash, in torrent, in the Holy Pool. The dawn appears and the forest is illumined.*]

NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY UDA WALDROP

THE PRELUDE to the forest play "Nec-Natama" introduces several of the motives of the Prologue. Commencing with four bars of the Torture theme, given out by the wood-wind, in chromatic triplets and accompanied by strident chords on the strings, it lifts directly into the Fellowship motive into which the Love theme is interwoven later.

The first number in the Prologue is the Torture Dance. The principal melody of this is played by oboes and clarinets, to which the trumpets, muted, add effect:



The second theme, the Fellowship theme, is the principal motive of the play. The first ten measures are given to the flutes and oboes and the theme is afterward taken up by the violins and 'cellos and finally worked up into a grand crescendo by the full orchestra:



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



The Fellowship theme is interrupted by the Torture theme, played as in the Prelude:



The Torture Dance is heard again, this time played in a more forceful manner by the cornets and trombones, muted, and then, almost directly, begins the Love theme which, with the Fellowship theme, is predominant throughout the play. This theme is played at first by the violins and 'cellos and later made broader by the addition of the wood-wind choir and brass. The harp is also prominent in the rendering of this theme:

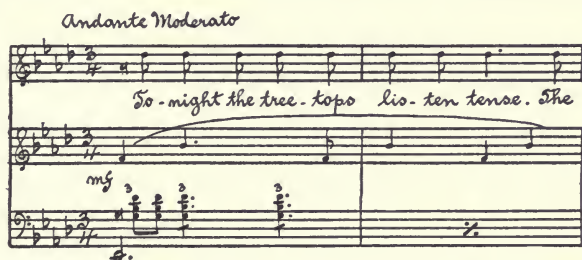


Just when the Love theme appears to be nearing a triumphant climax it is interrupted by the Hate theme, played first by the French horns in unison and later by the full brass contingent, punctuated by an occasional crash on the cymbals:

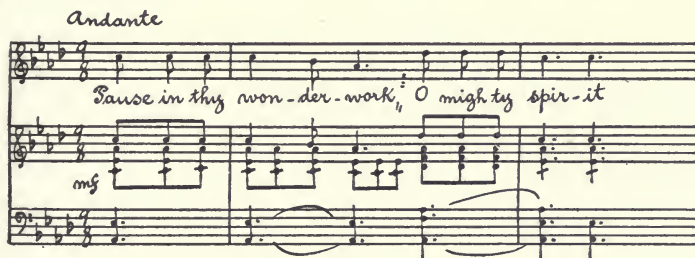
NEC-NATAMA



The play proper commences with twenty-two bars of the Love theme played by the full orchestra. As this theme diminuendoes it is taken up by the violins and becomes the introduction to the Grove Song. In this song the Fellowship theme is used as a counter-melody:



The Prayer and Lament is written for tenor and chorus, part of which is sung "*a capello*" and, later, accompanied by the full orchestra:



The Ceremony of the Stake is an Indian melody, rendered by the English horn, clarinets and bassoons with an accompaniment of 'cellos and basses (*pizzicato*), tympani and drums:

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



The Dance of the Water-Spirits opens with a cadenza for flute with accompaniment for harp. The first half of the dance is played entirely by the wood-wind, principally flutes, and accompanied by the harp and strings (*pizzicato*). As the dance progresses a solo-horn joins in the melody with a counter rhythm by the violins. The second half is a legato melody for 'cellos and English horn:



Tempo di Valze, più lento



2nd movement



NEC-NATAMA

The Great Hate Chief's march is scored "ff," for full orchestra:



The play concludes with the Love theme, this time uninterrupted by the Hate theme. It is brought to a triumphant end by full orchestra with triumphant chords:

Andante sostenuto

Strings and Woodwind

ff, Crescendo



APOLLO
MALEFICUS

THE THIRTEENTH GROVE PLAY
[PERFORMED ON THE SEVENTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1915]

APOLLO
A Music-Drama

BY
FRANK PIXLEY
WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER
EDWARD F. SCHNEIDER

NOTE

THE AUTHOR desires to make emphatic acknowledgment of indebtedness to his fellow Bohemians who in former years have made the grove plays a series of brilliant successes. "Apollo" is an attempt to combine the most salient features of several earlier productions and to incorporate them in a new story with a slightly different dress and different development. A few liberties have been taken with Roman and Grecian mythology to meet certain exigencies of the grove environment.

ARGUMENT

A POLLO, the son of Jupiter, was the god of the groves, waterfalls and flowers, the inventor of music, the instructor of the muses, the most perfect type of masculinity and possessed the power of prophecy. The action of this play takes place in the sacred grove of Apollo at the base of Mount Olympus, the home of the gods.

At the end of the prelude Pan is disclosed lying asleep on a mossy bank just before daylight. He has been dreaming of his youth as an Arcadian shepherd boy before he mocked the gods, for which offense he was changed into a half-goat. He awakes with a cry of anguish as he realizes that his happiness has no real foundation and that he is still a misshapen monster.

Presently he lapses into a philosophic mood and finds contentment in the thought that, though banished from human society, he has formed pleasant acquaintances with the buds, the bees, the birds, the butterflies and the fairy folk of the grove and has learned to charm them with the music of his pipes which he has fashioned from hollow reeds. He plays upon his pipes and, in response to the call, elves and gnomes and woodland sprites come trooping about him and engage in a fairy dance and revel. At the height of the frolic a sentinel owl gives warning of the approach of danger. The dancers hurriedly scurry away and Maleficus, the spirit of evil, enters. He has plotted the overthrow of the gods and seeks to enlist the aid of Pan, who he believes will readily join him. In this, however, he is mistaken. Pan, after learning all the details of the plot, declines to join in it and ambles away.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Maleficus decides to begin his warfare by an attack on Apollo, the god of the groves, and directs his attention first to the sacred grove itself. With his wand of fire he frightens away the cool winds, withers the flowers, dries up the springs and scorches the roots of the trees. Mercury, the messenger of the gods, accidentally discovers the havoc that has been wrought and flies up to Olympus to inform Apollo. The latter hastens to the spot, discovers the damage that has been done and, not knowing the cause, calls forth the dryads, spirits of the trees, and questions them. Then, to counteract the evil influence of Maleficus, he summons the refreshing breezes, restores the springs and brings forth a waterfall upon the hillside. The dryads, dancing with joy, reënter the trees and Apollo sings a song to the giant redwoods, promising them the continued protection of the gods and foretelling the future of the grove.

Maleficus craves an audience with Apollo and tries to accomplish his downfall by exciting jealousy of the other gods. The temptation fails and Apollo drives the tempter from the grove and forbids him ever to return.

Clytie, a vestal virgin, enters to perform her morning religious rites. She advances to a small altar and, in pantomime, goes through ceremonies in worship of the gods on Olympus. In the midst of her devotion she is discovered by Pan, who is struck by her rare beauty, and, forgetting momentarily that he is half beast, addresses her, whereupon she screams with fright and flees. This incident brings home to Pan the full realization of his awful plight, and in an impassioned song he supplicates the gods to restore his human form and runs up Mount Olympus as if to carry his appeal directly to the gods themselves.

Maleficus stealthily returns and meets Bacchus, the god of wine, whom he induces, on a wager, to attempt the downfall of Apollo through drink. Bacchus and a band of roisterers engage in an orgy of singing and dancing and

APOLLO

carousing, whereupon Apollo seeks to put an end to this profanation of the sacred grove and, resisting all their efforts to induce him to join them, drives them away.

Mercury flies down from Olympus with a message from Jupiter to Apollo ordering him on no account to leave the grove, as an important council of the gods is to be held there almost immediately.

Pan reënters hurriedly, falls on his knees before Apollo and, ignoring the one wish uppermost in his thoughts, warns Apollo of the machinations of Maleficus. For this service Apollo restores his human form and asks Pan what he now intends to do first. He replies that he will go forth in search of love. Apollo does not understand the word and a duet follows in which its meaning is made clear. Pan runs away in search of a mate, leaving Apollo in wonderment over the strange lesson he has just learned.

While he is still pondering over the subject Clytie reënters to replenish the sacred fires upon the altar and Apollo, in observing her, notices that he is strangely stirred by a feeling which he never has experienced before, but which Pan has described. He addresses her as one of the gods whom she worships and a love scene ensues during which flowers spring up on the hillside, the waterfall reappears, elves, gnomes and fairies creep forth from their hiding places, birds sing merrily and the grove is filled with music—the whole typifying a maid's first conception of love. At its conclusion Clytie drops the censer and the lovers embrace while the fairy folk dance with joy. They hastily disappear as Maleficus runs on, picks up the censer and follows the lovers off unobserved by them.

Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, Bacchus, Mammon and Mercury, accompanied by a large number of attendants, march down from Olympus and a general council is held. Apollo's absence is noticed and Mercury is sent to find him. Maleficus declares that Apollo no longer obeys the commands of his king, but has been taken captive

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

by a mere silly girl. Jupiter is incredulous at first, but when the lovers appear becomes furiously angry and changes Clytie into a sunflower. Apollo attempts to intercede in her behalf, whereupon Jupiter declares it an act of treason and invokes his winds and thunderbolts to punish the offense. A terrific storm ensues, during which Maleficus dances with joy and gloats over his triumph. The storm ends with a blinding flash of lightning and a crash of thunder, leaving the grove in darkness and silence.

Pan invokes the aid of the fireflies in restoring light. The altar fire stills burns, and from it torches are kindled. Maleficus has been killed by Jupiter's thunderbolt, thus verifying a prophecy by Apollo. Pan appeals to Jupiter in behalf of the sunflower, whose only offense was love of Apollo, and the king, deeply moved, relents. Acknowledging that the gods, born of Ignorance and Superstition, have been vanquished by the hosts of progress, truth and clear enlightenment, he sends them into oblivion, henceforth to live only in myth and legend, and bids farewell to Olympus. Before he follows them he delivers his final decree as king of the gods—that Apollo, no longer a god, shall be reincarnated in human form and return to earth and mate with Clytie, and that Apollo's godlike soul, as the sun, shall daily revisit the earth and bring to humankind light, life and love.

As Jupiter departs the heights of Olympus are aglow with red light betokening the return of Apollo, the dawning of the perfect day. The entire hillside is ablaze with colored lights as Apollo marches down to the sunflower, which suddenly is transformed into Clytie, and the lovers embrace, while the populace engage in a grand triumphal chorus of acclamation and rejoicing.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JUPITER, <i>the king of the gods</i>	MR. MARSHALL DARRACH
APOLLO, <i>the god of the groves</i>	MR. CLARENCE WHITEHILL
MARS, <i>the god of war</i>	MR. E. C. FORD
NEPTUNE, <i>the god of the sea</i>	MR. GEORGE L. BELL
BACCHUS, <i>the god of wine</i>	MR. HENRY A. MELVIN
MAMMON, <i>the god of riches</i>	MR. CHARLES C. TROWBRIDGE
MERCURY, <i>the messenger of the gods</i>	MR. HAROLD K. BAXTER
MALEFICUS, <i>the spirit of evil</i>	MR. R. M. HOTALING
PAN, <i>a shepherd boy, transformed into a half-goat</i>	MR. GEORGE HAMLIN
CLYTIE, <i>a vestal virgin</i>	MR. HERBERT HERON
A NAIAD, <i>the spirit of the waterfall</i>	MR. GEORGE B. DE LONG
A DRYAD, <i>the spirit of the trees</i>	MR. LORING P. RIXFORD

Elves, Sprites, Dryads, Brownies, Attendants

PLACE: The sacred grove of Apollo at the foot of Mount Olympus.

TIME: The present of fancy.

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Production directed by MR. FRANK L. MATHIEU.

Properties designed and executed by MR. HARRY S. FONDA and
DR. HARRY P. CARLTON.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Dances devised and directed by MR. GEORGE B. DE LONG.

Flying directed by MR. W. H. SMITH, JR.

Lighting by MR. EDWARD J. DUFFEY.

• •

Musical director, MR. EDWARD F. SCHNEIDER.

Chorus Master, MR. E. D. CRANDALL.

APOLLO

A Music-Drama

The sacred grove of Apollo, at the foot of Mount Olympus. It is just before daybreak. During a musical prelude the light gradually increases. PAN is discovered lying asleep on a mossy bank. He moves uneasily at times during the prelude, and at its close jumps up with a cry and looks about as if dazed.

PAN

A dream! 't was but an empty, mocking dream!
And yet, so beautiful it was, methinks
It must be heaven-born! Oh, cruel fate
That I must awake to contemplate the thing
I am! It seemed the gods at last had learned
What pity means. My penalty was paid;
My expiation done. This ugly form—
Distort, misshaped, half man half beast—was gone.
Again I was a youth of perfect mold
That gods might love. Playing my shepherd's reed
I led my flocks through fairest Arcady
In rural peace, my happiness complete.
It was a dream! But may it not be more?
In this, Apollo's grove, the very air
Is charged with prophecy! Perchance, forsooth,
Some mystic power which guides the destinies
Of things to come hath left an impress here
(*putting his hand to his head*)

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Upon my mind distraught. May not some thread
Of truth lie tangled in this flimsy web
Of fantasy? . . . If penance pays for wrong,
In thought or deed, no further debt I owe!
If penitence profound, too deep for words,
May plead for mercy, e'en the gods on high
Must hear my prayers and grant me clemency.

(in a lighter mood)

Yet would I not complain. I mocked the gods;
My punishment was just. I was a fool—
But everyone, sometime, hath played that rôle.
The gods alone control. Mere puny man
Is but a puppet plaything in their hands
And, knowing this too late, within this grove
I've learned submission and I've won content.

(brightly and almost joyously)

Music is mine! In yonder friendly marsh
I found the reeds to fashion forth these pipes—
The pipes of Pan—whose magic melodies
Can summon forth the spirits of this place.
I stole the laughter from the purling brook,
The tattoo of the hail upon the leaves,
The breeze's sigh, the carol of the thrush,
The earth's glad cry which greets the first spring rain,
And tuned them to the ring-dove's mating call—
That note of love to which the world responds.
Whene'er I breathe upon these luring pipes
The frisking squirrel's noisy chatter stops;
The bees, the birds, the buds, the butterflies
Come trooping forth in sweet companionship
To give me joy in blest forgetfulness!

[He turns as if invoking the fairy-folk.]

(singing)

Come now, ye blithesome woodland elves!
Ye fairy spirits, disport yourselves!

APOLLO

[PAN plays upon his pipes and Gnomes and Elves one by one appear from the ferns, bushes, flowers and trees upon the hillside. They scamper down, and, surrounding PAN, engage in a dance and revel. The dancers disport themselves on various levels, giving an appearance of life on the entire hillside. At the conclusion of the dance an owl in the distance hoots three times as a warning that danger threatens. Consternation seizes the dancers.]

Hark! The sentinel owl gives warning!
Danger threatens us! Away!

[The Gnomes and Elves all scamper to their hiding places and disappear. PAN hurries them away and then turns, half defiantly, to face the expected danger. The music changes to the motive of Evil. There is a puff of smoke and from it MALEFICUS enters.]

MALEFICUS

Greetings, my good friend Pan! How is't with thee?

PAN

Call me not friend! In truth, thou hast no friend!
I know thee now and, knowing, fear thee not!

MALEFICUS (*in a conciliatory tone*)

'Tis true thou knew'st me once. But I have changed
And, as I wronged thee greatly, now I seek
To pay the debt I owe thee to the full
In humble reparation for my sin!

PAN

That cannot be! Within thy evil mind

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

There lies no thought of just or good intent.
Behold thy work!

[PAN *with a gesture indicates his misshapen body.*

MALEFICUS

I'll grant I prompted thee
To mock the gods because I hated them.
Could I foresee thy fate that followed fast?
Our plans were right; but everything went wrong.
For that I'm not to blame. What follows then?
Begin again! We'll find some other course
To overthrow the gods and lay them low!
Join me once more, and thou shalt taste the sweets
Of full revenge!

[*Pan shakes his head negatively.*

Thou still art half a man;
But if thou art content with this I swear
I shall regret the change was not complete!

[*He laughs mockingly.*

PAN

The aim of law is justice, not revenge!

MALEFICUS

There speaks thy lower half, thou ambling goat!
The cringing cur will turn to lick the hand
That smites it! But no manly man acts thus.
Servility is cowardice at best
And both are bestial traits. Be brave, good Pan!

PAN (*sadly*)

Had I not wandered from the path of right
To follow thee, to-day I'd be a man!

MALEFICUS (*in a wheedling tone*)

'Tis simple quite! The gods themselves oft err.

APOLLO

They make mistakes like us of common clay.
Along the path that this Apollo treads
I'll strew temptations thick and he will fall!
He shall be first, since him I chiefly hate!
Why should he rule this beauteous grove instead
Of thee or me?

PAN

Enough! I'll hear no more!
I've paid the price of disobedience;
If thou art friendly tempt me not again!

[He goes out.]

MALEFICUS

Poor, silly fool! I'll bend him to my will .
And make him serve me like an abject slave!
Forsooth I need no aid to end my work!
The greatest power that shapes the trend of life
Or death is Evil! I am everywhere!
When once the gods are vanquished, I shall rule
Alone! Meanwhile I'm willing quite to match
My cunning craftiness against their strength
And bide my time until I shall have won!
When that hour comes, I'll drive my frantic steeds,
Havoc and Ruin, round the world itself
And naught but chaos shall remain behind!
But now to work! Time presses, I must haste!
This is the sacred grove—Apollo's own—
And here shall I begin! These giant trees,
Which have for centuries stood staunchly fast
Against the elements, must be destroyed!
The wrath of tempests and the thunderbolts
Of Jove they've mocked to scorn! I am supreme
And they must fall! I'll wither up their roots
And sap their source of life! The brooks, the springs
Which nourish them shall be no more! The deer

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Shall die of thirst! No bird shall sing! The air
Itself shall be a scorching flame of death!

[*Music through which runs the motive of Evil is heard and MALEFICUS moves about, drying up the springs and withering the flowers with his wand of fire. This done he goes out, laughing sardonically. The Mercury theme is heard in the music and MERCURY enters, looking about as if surprised.*

MERCURY

What strange malefic power infests this place?
The air is close. It smells of death itself.
The flowers droop. The springs are dry. The leaves
Are withered, and it seems as if this grove
Itself were doomed. All nature sighs and gasps.
No flowery perfume fills the air. The birds
Have ceased to sing! These glorious trees themselves
No longer lift their haughty heads toward heaven
In proud supremacy. The gods on high
Olympus must be told of this forthwith.
Apollo, master of this sacred spot,
Thy subjects here invoke thy potent aid!

[*MERCURY flies off, crying as he darts through the air, "Apollo! Apollo!" The music changes to the Apollo theme and APOLLO enters at some distance up the hillside. He descends the hillside, looking about in amazement, but does not hasten. He notices the withered flowers.*

APOLLO

What 's this? And this? And this?

[*He picks up a flower.*

Am I awake

APOLLO

And do I see aright? Now, by the gods
Who rule Olympus, vengeance sure and dire
Shall follow fast! The thunderbolts of Jove
Shall blast the author of this monstrous crime!

(tenderly to the flower he holds in his hands)

Poor, stricken one, go now to Mother Earth
That gave thee birth. Anon thou shalt return
To us again in royal raiment clad—
The blush of beauty on thy velvet cheek.
Thy honeyed lips shall lure the vagrant bee.
Thy fragrant breath shall woo the soft south breeze
And waft a blessing to a grateful world.
God rest thee for a little while.

[He places the flower in the earth.]

Sleep well!

There is no death.

(addressing the great trees about him)

Ye godlike giants, who do sanctify
And dominate this place, on you I call!
Appear, ye dryads of Sequoia land!
'Tis I, Apollo, who commands! Stand forth!

[The Dryads appear from the larger trees.]

What wrong is here? In what am I remiss?
Mine ear is open! Speak!

[The Dryads kneel appealing to APOLLO.]

Kneel not to me!

'Tis not thy master but thy friend who pleads!

[The Dryads arise.]

A DRYAD

O thou who hast dominion here, give heed
To this our prayer! Some potent, mystic force,
Unknown to us, hath wrought our fearful plight.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

We thirst! We sigh! We gasp for life itself!
No cooling breeze now fans this favored spot.
The brooks and springs are dry. How can we live
Since every artery is scorched? The sap
Of life no longer courses through our veins.
We pine and droop and fade. Give us relief.

APOLLO

(turning toward Mount Olympus)

Olympian Jove, 't is I, thy son, who calls!
Thy sweetest dews, thrice purified, I ask
To end this drought! Send us the cool west wind
To chill the fires of hate that compass us!

[The foliage moves as if shaken by a brisk breeze.]

See now, how every leaflet stirs in glad
Response! The blessings which we have invoked
Are ours. And now behold! This waterfall
Shall give ye proof that e'en the gods on high
Stand guard o'er you.

[A waterfall appears on the hillside. The Dryads dance about with delight.]

Come forth, thou naiad queen.

[A Naiad steps forward through the falling water.]

Rare beauty is thy birthright, gracious one.
To thee 't is given to please the ravished eye
With flashing splendors in thy diamond drops;
To charm the ear with liquid melody,
To cool the wandering breeze, baptize the buds,
And bless the flowers with thy misty touch.
But beauty, for a time, must needs give way
To stern utility. These giants tall—
Grim sentinels which guard thy blest abode—
Invoke thine aid! Seek subterranean ways,
Each path and avenue to reach their roots.

APOLLO

Bathe them in Nature's tears until once more
They feel the thrill of life and health and strength.
This is thy urgent mission. Go! Make haste!

*[The Naiad vanishes through the falling water and
the waterfall also disappears. The Dryads re-
enter the big trees, leaving APOLLO alone.]*

APOLLO (*singing*)

O redwoods, tall and stately,
Beneath whose friendly shade
For centuries and ages
The tribes of man have strayed,
We offer you our homage,
Our loyal hearts and true,
And love and true devotion
Anew we pledge to you.

Lift up your heads, Sequoias.
Toward heaven point the way.
Teach man to worship nature
And scoffers how to pray.
The earliest kiss of sunrise,
The sunset's last salute,
Proclaim you kings of woodland,
Unequaled—absolute.

And here in after ages,
When gods have passed away,
The sons of men shall gather
And each his part shall play.
Inspire them with your greatness
And make them understand
The path which leads to Eden
Lies through Bohemia-land.

[The music changes to the motive of Evil and from a

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

puff of smoke MALEFICUS enters. *He bows to*
APOLLO *with great deference.*

APOLLO

What baneful mission brings thee to this place?
This is a hallowed spot. Go! Get thee hence!

MALEFICUS

One moment, pray. Prove thou art truly great
And let me speak.

APOLLO

Be brief! What dost thou here?

MALEFICUS

I fain would pay my compliments to thee.

APOLLO

I trust thee not, for truly well I know
Thy lying tongue, thou monster of deceit!

MALEFICUS

Be not so harsh. I'll not deny I'm bad;
But surely thou hast naught to fear from me.
Though erring mortals oft I trick and cheat,
Against the gods themselves my wiles are vain.
Be lenient with me. Cherish thou no grudge.

APOLLO

Mere idle words; but have thy say at once.

MALEFICUS

Think it not strange that I, of ill repute,
Should worship thee. 'Tis but a tribute just
That evil pays to good. With thee, in truth,
I sympathize, for justice is not ours.

APOLLO

'Tis contrast that must gauge the meed of worth.
If all were good what credit would there lie
In being good? Thy goodness would be nil
Except for me and what I represent.
Each atom of this cosmic universe
Some purpose serves. I am thy dearest friend
And yet I am by all the world despised.
To me that matters not; I am content
To be thy slave if I but aid to make
Thee greater still. If justice were not blind
Thou would'st be heralded throughout the world
Like Mars and Neptune! Why should'st thou be cramped
Within the narrow confines of a grove?
The jealous hand of history records
No deed of thine to set the world agog.
Thou art suppressed, o'ershadowed day by day,
Whilst they, of lesser worth, win lasting fame!
Why should Olympian Jove, who orders all,
'Gainst thee and me discriminate? Why not
Demand thy rights, which justice should accord?

APOLLO

Maleficus, thy motive is most clear.
Know thou that in mine inmost thought there lies
No jealous spark of envy. Thou hast failed.
Go now forever from my sight and ne'er
Again invade the limits of my realm!

MALEFICUS (*angrily*)

One further word! Thou wilt not treat with me;
The penalty be thine! Know, then, the truth!
I hate thee! Now an open war I'll wage
'Gainst thee and thine! Henceforth no quarter ask!
Thy overthrow shall be complete, for I
Shall win!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

APOLLO

Begone forthwith! Ere I invoke
The thunderbolts of Jove to strike thee dead!

[*MALEFICUS hesitates a moment, regarding APOLLO with anger, then laughs sardonically and goes out. APOLLO slowly follows him, as if to make sure that evil has been driven from the grove. CLYTIE enters with a cruet of oil and censer. She advances to the altar and goes through devotional ceremonies of worship. She pours oil upon the coals. Flames dance up and she puts incense on them, which causes smoke to rise. She swings the censer, kneels, rises and swings the censer again. In the midst of these devotions PAN enters and, unseen by CLYTIE, stops enraptured by her beauty.*

PAN

What lovely vision greets mine eyes! A maid
Immaculate, unsullied by earth's touch!
She seems, indeed, an angel sent from heaven
To bless the sight of man! I'll swear she's chaste
As she is beautiful! No sinful thought
E'er finds lodgment there. See how the flames
Do dance with amorous joy at sight of her!
Within my breast a feeling stirs I thought
Had long been dead! She seemeth heaven-born
And yet to me she kinship bears in that
We both are human. I shall speak to her.
Oh, maiden fair, let pity rule thy heart.

[*CLYTIE starts, gazes at Pan with wonderment and fear, and, swinging the censer about her as if for protection, runs out.*

Oh, deepest woe! It needed only this

APOLLO

To make my lonely wretchedness complete.
I've lost the world itself in losing love!
The sweet companionships which here I found
With fairy folk are truly dear to me;
But love alone can satisfy the soul
And fill the measure of life's brimming cup.

(singing)

Oh, deepest woe!
At last I know
The full damnation of my fearful fate.
To mortal eyes
This cursèd guise
Makes me appear a thing to shun and hate.
• My grisly plight
Appals the sight
And fills with horror all who are not blind.
Would I had died,
Since I'm denied
The blest companionship of humankind.
Would I had died!
Would I had died!

The fairy folks that here abide
Are loyal friends of mine.
But though they are instinct with life
They lack one spark divine,
They are not moved by passion's thrill.
To them love is unknown.
Without a mate I'm doomed to live
Companionless—alone!

Oh, fearful fate that makes me this.
What living death is mine.
Give me but love. I'll ask no more,
Nor murmur, nor repine.
Apollo great, to thee I call.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Remove thy awful ban,
And thee I'll serve forevermore!
Relent! Make me a man!

[*At the conclusion of his song PAN turns appealingly toward Olympus and then goes out. The motive of Evil is heard again and MALEFICUS enters. He glances apprehensively about as if fearing pursuit.*

MALEFICUS

The fight is on! Henceforth shall be no truce!
He knows me as I am. Now strategy
Must win, for open war with him would fail.
My cunning traps I'll set with artful craft
But he must not suspect the bait I use.
Temptation's power must lay him low. He shall
Defeat himself.

[*A voice is heard, singing.*

But lo! who cometh here?

[*The singing continues.*

'Tis Bacchus! And in jovial mood he seems!
Now, by my luck, here is an ally strong
To help mine ends. Him have I often sought
And he hath served me well. No strangers we.
And yet he is as wax within my hands
To mold and shape and fashion as I will.

[*BACCHUS enters.*

BACCHUS (*singing*)

May all of your troubles
Be lighter than bubbles.
Drink up and drive care away.
Here's death to all sorrow!
Who cares for to-morrow,
So long as we're jolly to-day?

APOLLO

[*On seeing MALEFICUS he stops abruptly.*

MALEFICUS

Hail, Bacchus, and well met! I pledge thy health!
[*He raises his hand as if drinking.*

BACCHUS

Such pledges stand for naught! Drink thou but air?
There's yet wine in the world. Wilt have a cup?

[*BACCHUS makes to pour wine from a goatskin bung over his shoulder. MALEFICUS hastens to decline.*

MALEFICUS

Nay, nay, good Bacchus! With a thousand thanks
Perforce I must decline. I need my wits.
Clear minds are not preserved in alcohol.
I am no weakling as thy minions are.

BACCHUS

How say'st thou? "Weakling"? 'T is a sorry jest!

MALEFICUS

Not so—I speak the truth! Consider well:
If thou art truly great and powerful
Why dost thou deal with underlings alone?
'T is easy quite to snare an addled brain
And warp the judgment of a mind diseased.
What credit comes from such a victory?
'T is easy, too, to bend the weakened will
Till resolution snaps and hope is dead.
Is that a proof of greatness or of strength?

BACCHUS

Ho, ho! Reformer! What hath changed thee so?

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Am I to blame that all fools are not wise?
Good wine is helpful! Oft it brings the flush
Of health to wan and wasted cheeks. It lights
The eye and fans anew ambition's spark.
Wine is a servant good.

MALEFICUS

A master bad.

BACCHUS

Why preachest thou of good or bad to me?

MALEFICUS

Because I love thee and would hold thee so.
I grant that thou art great. Be greater still.
Forsake thy present course and, for a time,
Join battle with thine equals. Test thyself.
Then, if thou needs must yield what hast thou lost?
But if thou winnest, what name in the world
Shall rank with thine?

BACCHUS

Thy sermon hath no text.
What further proof is needed now to show
My sway? The rich, the poor, the powerful
And e'en the wise pay tribute to my will.
Dost thou presume to question my estate?

MALEFICUS

Ah no, good Bacchus! Pray mistake me not!
Great power counts for naught when ill applied.
Thou art, against the weak, invincible;
True glory comes from conquering the strong.
Albeit a most useful end is served,
Who crowns the cat that kills the timid mouse?

APOLLO

But if the cat a brave defense puts up
Against attacking curs and drive them off,
She wins renown and therein honor lies.
Ambition's voice should urge thee to aspire
To greater heights. Seek thou a worthy foe.

BACCHUS (*swaggering*)

I challenge thee! Be plain! Proclaim the test!

MALEFICUS

That speech rings true. A wager shall it be?

BACCHUS

Set forth the terms to which I must agree!

MALEFICUS

Apollo, master of this grove, knows naught
Of wine, carouse or revelry. 'Gainst him
Direct thy shafts of cunning craftiness.
If thou succeed in luring him to fall,
With whirling brain, and maudlin, misty thoughts,
And stammering tongue that hath forgot its use,
I do engage throughout the current year
To serve thee as thy faithful, bounden slave;
But, if thou failest, thou shalt for a year
Obey all my commands. What sayest thou?

BACCHUS

'Tis done! The wager stands! I crave the chance
To prove that Bacchus is indeed a king!
May kindly fate spur on the laggard hour
Which puts my strength and mettle to the test!

MALEFICUS

Now, win or lose, each way I gain my wish.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

*[Voices are heard singing a drinking song. As
BACCHUS and MALEFICUS shake hands to bind
the wager they stop and listen intently.]*

I'll send yon band of roisterers to thee
To aid thee in the task which thou hast set.
Thy quarry oft doth pass this way. Make no
Mistake and let no single chance escape
To bring him down. Play well thy siren rôle.
[He laughs sardonically and goes out.]

BACCHUS

Presumptuous fool to question thus my power!
It but remains for me to prove he's wrong.
[The singing suddenly ceases, as if interrupted.]

I'll make my victory complete. The world
Shall bow to me as master from this day.
[A band of Roisterers enter laughing boisterously.]

What ho, my lads! Come, gather round me here.
Fill every cup! Aye, bumpers! To the brim!
*[Drinking-borns are quickly filled from the goatskin
of BACCHUS.]*

Forget the past, excepting what you love
And cherish best in memory! A song!

ROISTERERS (*singing*)

Ho, lads and lasses,
Come, fill your glasses
And let's be jolly while yet we may!
Away with sighing
For time is flying.
We die to-morrow; let's live to-day!



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "APOLLO"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

APOLLO

Fill every cup
To the brim! Fill up
And pledge to every heart that's true!
So here's to pleasure
In endless measure!
For all good fellows—I drink to you!
[*A Bacchanalian revel with dancing follows and is
interrupted by the entrance of APOLLO.*

APOLLO

What means such uproar? 'Tis a grave offense!
Who leads the profanation of this place
Wherein dwells gentle peace and quietude?
Make answer swift, ye yelping, howling hounds!

BACCHUS

My lord Apollo, hear me but a trice.
This glorious grove, so beautiful and fair,
Hath stirred our souls to tuneful ecstasy.
We could but voice the joy which welled in us
And cried for utterance. Forgive us, pray,
For this offense, which malice did not prompt.

APOLLO

An overt act which reason doth not guide
Hath no excuse.

BACCHUS

Yet gods, like men, may err.
Mine is the wrong, if wrong there be in this.
Let not displeasure fall on these my friends
Who feel the glad exuberance of youth
And give it tongue without intent of wrong.
They sing the praises of thy blest domain
And fain would toast thy health in flowing wine.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

As proof of friendship wilt thou drink with us?

[BACCHUS *offers drink to APOLLO. MALEFICUS appears in the background and listens intently.*

APOLLO

Bacchus, thou hast a mission well defined—
To aid the ill, to nourish health and strength,
To foster happiness. The world needs thee.

[MALEFICUS *laughs sardonically and dances with joy.*

No word I urge against the use of wine;
Its misuse all condemn—there lies the wrong.
Though Liberty is sweet she hath one son
Of wayward bent, young License, dissolute;
Him should thou check and curb. I'll drink no wine.
'T is dangerous at best and in its use
Discretion wise should moderate desire.

BACCHUS (*sarcastically*)

'T is cowardice alone withholds thy hand.
If thou art friendly and art not afraid
Pledge with us in a single brimming cup.

[*He again presents drink, which APOLLO declines.*

APOLLO

The cup I drink to health and happiness
Is filled from nature's living, crystal fount.

BACCHUS

In water? Why, upon my soul, it is
A drink for rats! Life laughs in sparkling wine!

FIRST ROISTERER (*slightly intoxicated*)

It were a shame to waste good wine on him.

[*He laughs boisterously.*

APOLLO

APOLLO

The laugh of Folly dies upon the lips
And leaves no echo in the heart or soul!
Corroding care cannot be drowned in drink;
Anon she reappears and brings with her
Remorse and Wretchedness!

BACCHUS (*sneeringly*)

Thou art a god,
Then wherefore act the ass? Thou slave of fear,
If thou thyself distrustest, quit thy high
Estate! Recruit the craven, quav'ring ranks
Of timorous dames and silly fools who think
Each nightmare real!

APOLLO

A truce to parley vain.
Intemperance in speech avails thee not.
It is a traitor to thy base designs.
Begone, vile harpies, from this hallowed spot
Before my patience breaks!

[*The Roisterers, now silent, move away in fear,*
BACCHUS *following them.*

BACCHUS

One word, my lord——

APOLLO (*interrupting*)

That shalt thou truly have—one only! Go!

[*BACCHUS and the Roisterers go out, laughing derisively. MALEFICUS tiptoes away. MERCURY enters, flying.*

Behold the wingèd messenger himself!
What business is afoot?

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

MERCURY

Most noble lord,
I bring a message from imperious Jove.
His Gracious Majesty hath pleased to plan
A visit to this grove within the hour,
With various members of the royal court,
For conference with thee upon affairs
Of utmost moment to the throne.

APOLLO

'T is well.

Inform His Majesty at once that I
Attend upon his wish to meet him here.

[MERCURY *flies up and away.*

Some weighty project must impend which calls
For thoughtful care. Grave premonitions now
Disturb my mind. Strange omens indicate
Some great event is near. This is, indeed,
A most portentous hour!

PAN (*from a distance*)

My Lord! My Lord!

APOLLO

Who calls?

[PAN *enters.*

PAN

'T is I—thy humblest servant, Pan.
Give me but leave to speak.

APOLLO

Be unafraid.

Say on.

PAN

My lord, thou art with dangers thick

APOLLO

Beset on every hand! Thine enemy,
Maleficus, doth plot thine overthrow!
He e'en hath dared to seek mine aid in this
Most fiendish scheme. Prithee, be warned in time.
Ten thousand lives like mine I'd gladly give
To save thee now. He caused my fall and well
I know his power. My fate is worse than death.

APOLLO

He tempted thee and thus thou didst rebel
Against the gods. Thy punishment was mine.
The power to punish hath an equal right
To pardon, too. Thy lesson hast thou learned.
Stand forth a man!

[PAN is miraculously changed into a youth.]

PAN

Now gods be praised, and thou!
My thankful heart o'erflows with gratitude!
[He kneels to APOLLO.]

APOLLO

Nay, rise, good Pan. The pleasure in this act
Is mine. 'T is better far to render good
Than punish wrong.

PAN

Thou art a god, indeed!

APOLLO

Tell me, I pray, since now thou art a man,
In what way lies thy course?

PAN

Led by my heart,
I go to seek the one great, priceless boon

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Which hath been me denied. I search for love.

APOLLO

For love? And what is love? Gods know it not.

PAN (*singing*)

Love is a wondrous, mystic power which blends
Two souls in one. It hath no end. It knows
No change. 'Tis constant as the sun. Beyond
All measurements of worth—more priceless far
Than gold—this greatest boon of life divine
Is blest a thousandfold.

APOLLO (*singing*)

Whence cometh love?
And who hath love? And where doth it abide?
Is it a thing of earth alone? Is it
Creation wide?

PAN (*singing*)

Within the human heart
It dwells and rules with magic sway the rich
And poor, the high and low; e'en kings themselves
Obey!

APOLLO (*singing*)

What blest reward doth love bestow
On them that it possess?

PAN (*singing*)

It fills the heart
And soul with peace, content and happiness!

APOLLO AND PAN (*singing*)

Oh, Love divine,
Would thou wert mine.
All else on earth I'd fain renounce

APOLLO

For thee alone.
Thee I adore.
Come, I implore,
And fill my heart and soul and life.
Claim thou thine own.

[PAN *again attempts to kneel to APOLLO, who interrupts him. The music continues.*

APOLLO

Waste not good time in proffering thy thanks
But seize the golden hour within thy grasp.
God speed thee well and give thee full success.

[PAN *runs away.*

What wonder-working charm is that which man
Calls love? It rules the heart and soul and lifts
The lowly far above the things of earth
To revel in content ineffable.
Yon shepherd lad, when he shall find his mate,
Will be far greater than the gods themselves.
He'll know true happiness and taste the joys
Of full possession of the heart's desires.
There's naught in high Olympus that can fill
The rounded measure of perfected life.
In truth I envy him.

[CLYTIE *enters and again goes through devotional ceremonies at the altar. APOLLO regards her with amazement.*

Am I awake?

What vision fair is this that feasts the eye
And satisfies the soul? See how she kneels
In prayer and supplication to the gods.
'T were fitter far the gods themselves should bow
To such as she. What grace! What beauty rare!
What symmetry of form! What loveliness

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Is hers! At last my dormant heart begins
To awake. My soul cries out for sympathy.
My pulses throb and thrill. I know not why.

[He advances toward CLYTIE, who notices him and starts with surprise and alarm. She is about to flee when APOLLO hastily interposes.]

Let no fear chill thy breast, for all is well.
'T is I, Apollo, who would speak with thee.
The gods on high have heard thy every prayer.
Hear thou a god who fain would worship thee.
I am no mortal, as thou knowest well,
Yet, as a mortal might, I humbly plead.
Companionship I crave which love cements. . . .
This is my own domain. I'm master here
And everything within this grove hath life;
But life is empty if it know not love.

[CLYTIE turns toward the hill. The Dryads appear from the larger trees.]

The spirits of these monarch trees with me
Have close communion. Well I know them all
And dear I hold them, every one.

[Gnomes, Elves and Sprites appear from ferns, bushes and hidden nooks on the hillside. CLYTIE regards them with astonishment.]

The gnomes
And elves and fairy folk that here abide
Are pleasant comrades, quick to do my will.

[Brownies appear from the rocks.]

These rugged rocks are not insensate things

[The waterfall appears with its Naiad.]

And every waterfall lives, laughs and leaps.

APOLLO

[*The fairy folk evince delight and throw kisses to the lovers. The hillside is alive with motion, though silent.*

The flowers which deck this mystic woodland glade
Have lent their beauty to adorn thyself.
Whence comes the whiteness of thy virgin soul?
The lily is thy prototype. And whence
The blush which glorifies thy mantled cheek?
From queenly rose, herself no whit more fair.
Who taught thee modesty? Earth's fairest flower,
The violet. Whence comes the priceless gold
Which lies entangled in thy sun-kissed hair?
From buttercup and marigold. And whence
The azure hue reflected in thine eyes?
The larkspur and the bluebell gave thee that. . . .

(*rapturously*)

Thou flower of flowers, ordained to rule as queen
Within the garden of transcendent love,
Shrink not. Together let us face the sun
That all the world may know that we are one.

[*The music swells to a passionate climax. APOLLO holds out his arms appealingly. CLYTIE raises her arms, drops the censer and they embrace. The fairy folk again dance joyously as the lovers slowly go out. Suddenly the music changes to the motive of Evil, the Fairies disappear and MALEFICUS enters. Laughing sardonically, he dances with glee and picking up the censer swings it mockingly as he hurries off. The music takes on a strain of sadness, which suddenly changes into the Jupiter motive, and JUPITER, MARS, NEPTUNE, MAMMON, BACCHUS, MERCURY and Attendants march down from Olympus.*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

JUPITER

The hour is ripe for council. Grave affairs
Of state demand our deep and careful thought.
The times have changed since first our rule began
And with them we must change or own defeat.
Of ignorance and superstition born
We wage a losing fight against the hosts
Of progress, truth and clear enlightenment.
Mere children who but know the rudiments
Of science laugh the gods to scorn and use
Us for their ends. Mark how my thunderbolts
Are rendered harmless by invention's craft.
My lightning hath been taught to do the will
Of man, to turn night into day, to drive
The wheels of power and join with instant thought
All peoples and all places of the world.
My winds themselves are now no longer free.
The husbandmen hath harnessed them, forsooth,
To pump up water for the lowing kine
And grind the golden grain. Our days of proud
Supremacy are drawing to their close,
For progress is the very law of life.

MARS

By thy permission I would lodge complaint
Against that selfsame cause. Are no more names
To blazon forth and burn upon the page
Of history? Must Mars now sheathe his sword?
When brute force ruled the world and might was right
The conqueror who won his crown was hailed
As one supremely great. The public eye
Saw only him and all acclaimed the man;
But, in these latter days, when War cries out,
"Behold the man!" Peace makes reply, "Regard
The men!" and Reason echoes her appeal.

APOLLO

Nations, 't is true, like men, at times go mad
And rage like beasts to glut their greed for blood;
But madness is a curse to be abhorred
And war no longer leads to glory or
To fame. By all the gods, I am ashamed
To stand as sponsor for this monstrous thing!

JUPITER

True wisdom, soon or late, must win. When man
Grows fully wise, grim war will be no more.
And in that day no one will win more fame
Than he who best hath served his fellow man.
Advancement marks thine end.

NEPTUNE

Your Majesty,
 The name of Neptune causes fear no more.
 Invention's art hath robbed me of my work.
 No longer men go down to sea in ships
 Whose frailties tempt the angry wind and wave.
 No sudden storms surprise the fisher folk
 For science warns them of my every mood.
 My foaming chargers ride the billows' crests
 But find no victims in their onward course.
 The glory that was mine is gone.

JUPITER

Thou, too,
Must share the fate that follows all of us.

MAMMON

Men call me great and worship at my shrine,
But Mammon's power grows weaker day by day.
No longer is my dominance complete,
For Wisdom's voice doth ever cry aloud
That money may be good but 't is not best,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

And they who seek the higher things of life
Regard me with disdain and strive to win
The things which money can not buy or sell.

JUPITER

Thy power is great; but 't is not paramount
For good or ill. And, in these latter days,
True Wisdom is thy most relentless foe,
For money-madness marks the mind diseased.
The time will come when man shall cherish thee
But for the good that thou canst do—a means
To gain an end—not for thyself alone.
Then wilt thou be no god and hence thy days
Are numbered, too.

BACCHUS

Science and common sense
Be damned! My deepest curse upon them both!
They rob me of my dues and cheat my hopes.
The drunkard, just within my grasp, escapes
Because, forsooth, some scientific fool
Claims drunkenness is merely a disease
Which medicine can cure. Ah, what is worse,
He proves it, too. And hence I am undone.

JUPITER

Bacchus, thou wert a god; but god thou art
No more—a tempter only of the weak.
Thou hast o'erthrown thyself, and Reason clear
Henceforth shall fill the cup. Thy sun hath set.

[JUPITER *looks about the group.*

One well belovèd face I miss. Pray where
Is fair Apollo, master of this grove?

[MALEFICUS *enters.*

APOLLO

(to MERCURY)

Make search at once and bid him hasten here.

[MERCURY *flies off*.]

MALEFICUS

(*laughing sardonically as he comes forward*)

A fruitless quest. Apollo will not come.

He's occupied with more important things.

JUPITER

How say'st thou? "Occupied"? Explain thy words!

What keeps him from our side?

MALEFICUS (*gloatingly*)

A simple maid

Who hath more power to sway him than thyself.

Apollo treads no more Olympian paths.

He hath forgotten what a god should be

And sighs and simpers like a lovesick swain

Who first feels Cupid's dart. A silly wench

Now holds him captive at her feet. Poor fool.

JUPITER

What's this? Now, by our scepter and our crown,

If thou but speak the truth, dire punishment

Shall follow fast. 'T is past belief! Thy proof!

MALEFICUS

Apollo is not here—what doth he now?

Shall he play truant when great Jove commands

His aid in council? Thou art pushed aside.

Another hath supplanted thee as king—

A skirted vixen who doth bid him come,

Or go, or stay, or dance, as suits her whim.

Ha, ha! Ho, ho! All hail, great Womanhood!

[*He laughs mockingly*.]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

JUPITER (*enraged*)

Peace, slanderer! The truth shall straightway show
How vicious is thy lying, serpent tongue.

[APOLLO and CLYTIE enter. *They are so absorbed in each other that they do not notice the gods who regard them with amazement.* JUPITER addresses APOLLO.

Stand where thou art! What means this rebel act?
If thou hast aught to say in thy defense
Speak out. Frame thy excuse well.

APOLLO

Great sire,

I have no words to voice the grief I feel
If I have given offense. I yield to none
In loyalty to thee. Thy will is mine.
To-day I strayed along the path which leads
To happiness and heaven on earth. All else
To me was naught. I only knew I loved
And was loved in return. Swift-footed Time
Outran my fixed intent to meet thee here.

JUPITER

Thy explanation brings no just excuse.
Hast thou forgotten that thou art a god?

APOLLO

Nay, sire. To-day I truly know I am
Indeed a god, since love hath come to me.

JUPITER

What baleful madness thus obsesses thee?
Hath Reason left her throne? No liege of ours

APOLLO

Shall consort with a thing of common clay!

(to CLYTIE)

Stand forth, thou witch!

[CLYTIE advances toward APOLLO and stands beside him.

Indeed thou art most fair
And therefore art thou dangerous! Thy form
Is cast in beauty's mold; but nevermore
Shalt thou appeal to passion's weaknesses.
Since beauty is thy dow'r, that shalt thou have
To please the eye alone. Thou shalt become
A flower.

APOLLO (*intervening excitedly*)

Nay, nay, my lord, say thou not so!
Spare her and let thy sentence fall on me.
Without her, life for me holds naught henceforth.
Give her to me and gladly I'll renounce
My high estate itself. I'll walk the earth
A godlike mortal and will envy none
On high Olympus.

JUPITER (*furiously*)

Treason now. This calls
For death. Blow winds! Unleash our thunderbolts!

[*A terrific storm follows, with high winds, rain, thunder and lightning. In the darkness and the commotion MALEFICUS is seen leaping about in jubilation and his voice is heard in loud laughter. When the storm ends all is silence and darkness for a moment. Then the voice of PAN is heard.*

PAN

Let there be light! Ye fireflies, lend your aid
That order may be brought from chaos! Quick!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[Fireflies begin to dance in the air over the dark hillside.]

Bring torches! Torches! Drive away the dark!
All is not lost! Still burns our altar fire!

[Torches are hurriedly lighted at the altar and distributed.]

Let's know the worst and see what Havoc wrought.

(moving torch about as if examining ground)

What fearful tragedy is here!

(holding torch close to body on the ground)

Mine eyes

Refuse to view the awful sight. Thy son,
Apollo, hast thou rashly slain! Behold!

[He holds torch nearer and starts back with an exclamation.]

Maleficus! Thy thunderbolt hath found
A fitter mark!

(to Attendants)

What ho! Bear this away.

[The body is removed. Where CLYTIE was last seen, stands a large sunflower to which PAN directs JUPITER'S attention.]

Hath pity now no place within thy breast?
Behold this martyr, sacrificed to love,
The flower symbol of a virgin soul.

JUPITER

This is the end. For us life holds no more.
The gods have had their day. Oblivion, hail!
(addressing the other gods)

Go now, henceforth to live alone in myth
And legend. Lead the way. Jove follows you.

[The gods one by one salute JUPITER, extinguish their torches and withdraw.]

APOLLO

And now, ye proud Olympian heights, farewell!
Before we go record our last decree
Which justice doth demand. Our dearest son,
Apollo, is no more a god. He fell
A sacrifice before the power of love;
But, if in truth it be a crime to love,
Know ye that Jove himself is guilty, too,
For we loved him. His noble soul shall live
Forevermore, and, as the sun, each day
Shall guide the world itself and give to man
Light, life and love.

(addressing the sunflower)

To thee who won his heart

Apollo shall return reincarnate,
And at that fateful hour thou shalt assume
Thy human form again and mate with him.
See how Olympus glows, e'en now to greet
The dawning of life's perfect day! Rejoice,
Ye sons of earth, rejoice! Farewell, for aye!

[He extinguishes his torch and slowly goes out. The mountain-top is aglow with red light, indicating the return of APOLLO. Presently a strong ray of white light comes down the hillside as if searching for something. At last it finds the sunflower, which turns to face it. The illumination begins and APOLLO, surrounded by PAN and earth beings, comes down the hillside singing a triumphal hymn of rejoicing. The sunflower is changed into CLYTIE, and APOLLO takes her in his arms.]



NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY EDWARD F. SCHNEIDER

IT HAS been the composer's aim to provide each person in the drama with a distinguishing motive characteristically significant and appropriate, to be used allusively whenever the action demands. In addition to his endeavor to clothe the personages of the play in congenial robes of tone, the composer has also sought to render the orchestral score more effective by the use of themes identifying the abstractions which work out their measure of weal and woe in the disposition of the characters and the episodes of the plot.

The Prelude adjusted to an instrumentation of flutes, horns and harp, introduces the Love motive. These are the opening measures of the Prelude:



Later the Love motive will be heard in altered instrumentation and at appropriate moments, when it is hoped

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

that its tenderness will provide a musico-dramatic contrast with the Hate motive. This latter is at once the musical statement of hate as an abstraction and the characteristic motive of Maleficus, which it may interest musicians to analyze as to its harmonic structure:



A Pastoral motive is the germ from which a sprightly dance is evolved to accompany the arrival of Pan and his merry and grotesque companions. The auditor may be interested in a bit of musical realism opening this number. Pan tries the theme in several efforts to find the right key before breaking into the dance which ends his dolorous reflections on the misfortune of possessing a neutral physical nature. This is the dance theme:



The sportive Gnomes and all of Pan's merry crew are interrupted in their festivities by the sudden shriek of an owl and disappear to the skurrying swish of weird orchestral effects. Then appears Maleficus to the brassy dissonance of the Hate motive already illustrated.

APOLLO

The plot development and the dramatic treatment accorded Apollo necessitate providing the hero with two motives, the first is heard following the development of the Maleficus episode. As guardian of the grove and valorous enemy of evil, Apollo is first shown in dignified guises—noble and unimpassioned. The following is the composer's musical conception of Apollo's characteristics before Love comes to him:



From material introduced in the Prelude is developed the dainty Dryad Music which follows:

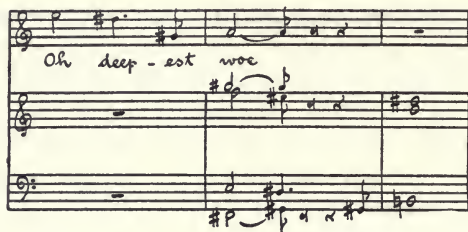


Apollo's Song is in the same mood and key as his Entrance Music and the entire song is intended to convey the first suggestion of the somewhat sombre and thoughtful nature of the hero. This is the motive of the song:

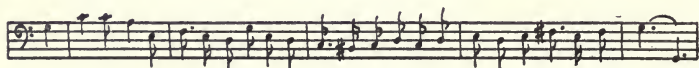


Pan's song number, which follows, is based on the opening measures of the Prelude, the propriety of which is justified by Pan's woe and his passionate resentment at a fate which forbids him again to know love. It will be observed that the ground work of harmonic accompaniment is built upon Maleficus' Hate motive and the Love motive. This is the opening of Pan's lamentations:

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



Bacchus is now heard “off stage.” He is true to form and tradition. Bacchus, in short, is genially drunk. As he is usually pictured, so here he is a rollicking and jovial soul and as melodic as his condition will permit. This is the composer’s introduction of Bacchus, and it should be noted that this theme will be heard in different harmonic environment when the chorus and the dance are added to Bacchus’ tipsy tune:



And this is the following ensemble dance and chorus utilizing the Bacchus theme:



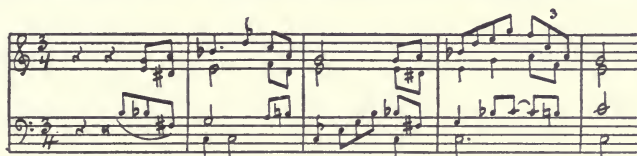
In the duet sung by Apollo and Pan the effort has been made to maintain the characteristics of both; Apollo still appearing as the unimpassioned, and Pan as the vehement soul:

APOLLO



Follows now the Love motive as Apollo falls gradually under the awakening spell of romantic affection, and the pantomime which develops this episode is commented upon by the orchestral score woven of the various themes of conflict and consonance which have previously been heard.

This is the Love motive as heard at this juncture:



Jupiter's entrance is announced in march form with the employment of the Jupiter motive, the militant character of which is indicated thus:



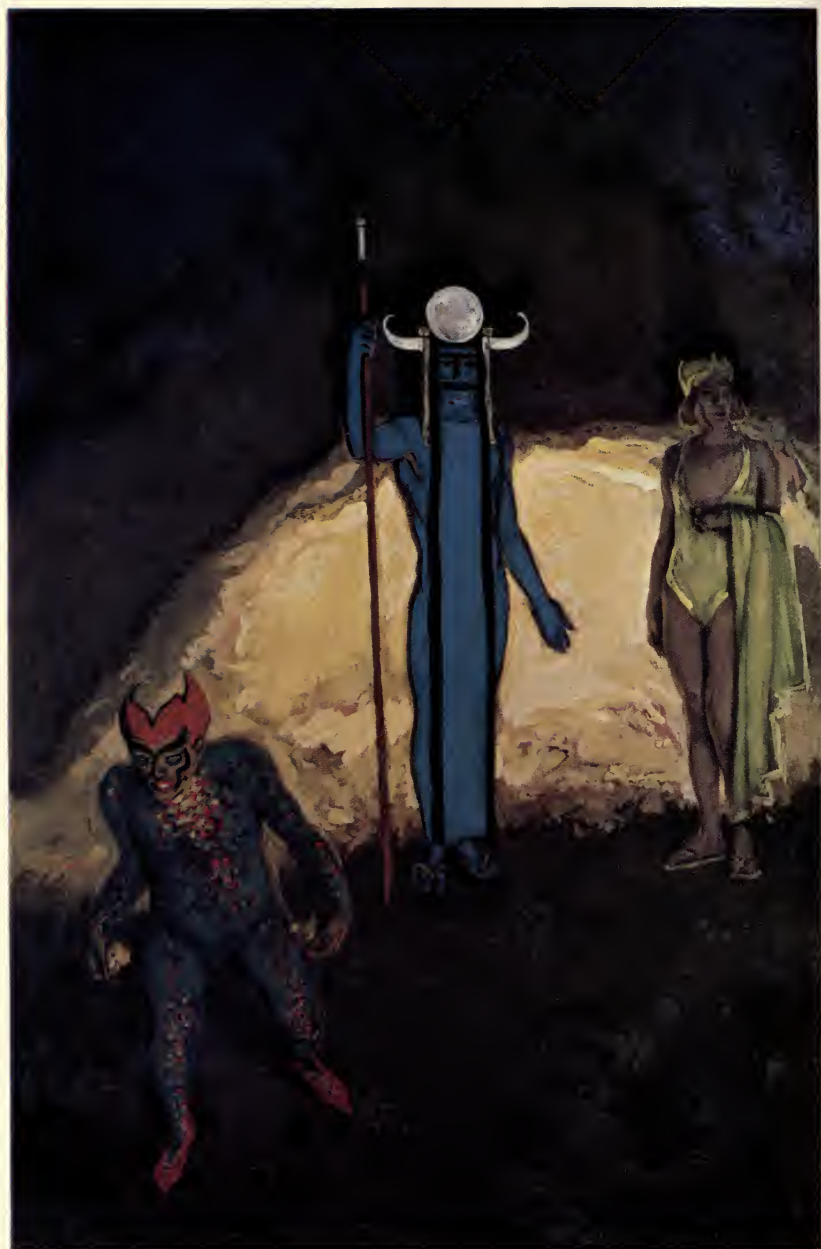
The stormy session which now ensues resorts appropriately to Maleficus' motive and opens in an unusual manner by a three-note tympani theme, the drums being tuned to B-flat, F and E-natural, which mixed tonality gives the composer's idea of the ominous episode which is about to be unfolded:

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



As the dramatic issues of the plot now serve to present Apollo in the guise of an awakened soul and body, a new and triumphant suggestion musically is desired, embodying the thought of an Apollo awakened to the joys as well as the sorrows of love, and rejoicing in his new-found nature. This, then, is the new Apollo. The theme serves the composer as the finale for his score:





GOLD

DESTINY, EVIL IMPULSE, AND GOOD IMPULSE

THE FOURTEENTH GROVE PLAY
[PERFORMED ON THE TWELFTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1916]

GOLD
A Forest Play

BY
FREDERICK S. MYRTLE

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER

H. J. STEWART

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

“GOLD” is an imaginative play based upon a symbolical theme which is presented, in part by historical figures, in part by supernatural presences.

In the treatment of this theme gold is symbolized as a substance planted in the earth and nurtured by nature to fulfill a settled purpose, that of aiding man in the development of civilization and the upbuilding of empire; and the author has connected his story with California by drawing upon an interesting chapter of the early history of that state. In doing this no attempt has been made to follow strictly the lines of historical accuracy, nevertheless the action is woven around actual events and in the character of the Comandante is to be recognized a well-known historical figure, Don Juan Bautista de Anza.

The Spanish soldier and the Franciscan friar are generally revered as men of noble purpose who blazed the trail for those adventurous spirits of a later period to whom we owe the California of to-day; and surely none is more worthy of honor than Anza, the intrepid commander who led the first successful expedition overland from Sonora into Alta California, reaching the Golden Gate and establishing the presidio and mission of San Francisco. To quote Mr. Zoeth S. Eldredge, whose work, “The Beginnings of San Francisco,” inspired the historical setting of the play:

Few are the citizens of San Francisco who have ever heard the name of Juan Bautista de Anza, its founder. Yet he was a gallant soldier, and he executed with courage, energy and fidelity the task entrusted to him by his king, of bringing across deserts and over high sierras the settlers for a city whose destiny neither king nor captain could imagine.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Gold was discovered in California some three-quarters of a century after the arrival of the Spanish settler; nevertheless its presence there was known to the native Indians and proclaimed by Spanish historians ages before Montalvo, writing in the sixteenth century, described California as an island inhabited by a race of amazons and abounding in gold and precious stones.

The entire action of the play, then, is set in a Californian forest, on the coast, at no great distance from the Golden Gate.

In the prologue, gold is planted, as a seed in the ground, by the fairy inhabitants of the region for the purpose of destroying, through its baneful lure, the race of mortals whose approaching invasion of their kingdom has been revealed to them; and, in the play which follows, this lure is exerted, centuries later, upon the Spaniard, to the threatened destruction of his expedition in the cause of God and King. Threading through the entire story there is an unceasing struggle between two warring spirits, Good Impulse and Evil Impulse. These spirits strive to invest gold, each with its characteristic influence, and the first conflict, which takes place in the prehuman period, is won by evil; but when the contest is renewed among the mortals the ultimate victory goes to the beneficent spirit, so that man is left free to carry out the really noble purpose of his existence, gold being given him to employ toward the betterment of things spiritual as well as material.

The fundamental ideals of bohemianism as represented by the Bohemian Club are revealed in the final adjustment by the introduction of spirits of Art, who through the agency of the dominant symbolical figure, Destiny, are made the inheritors and disseminators of earth's treasures for the general good of humanity.

It has been a great pleasure to collaborate with so distinguished a musician as Dr. H. J. Stewart, of whose talent the Bohemian Club has availed itself on many previous

GOLD

occasions. Dr. Stewart has illustrated the author's theme most strikingly and with a skill entirely worthy of his high reputation as a composer.

The author desires also to express his gratitude to the many personal friends and fellow-members of the Bohemian Club who have assisted, in various ways, in the production of his play upon the stage in the Bohemian Grove. In the capacity of stage director Mr. William H. Smith, Jr., has given the play the benefit of his experience of years in Grove productions, which, taken with all his exceptional energy and resourcefulness, sets a value upon his services that can not be over-estimated. In collaboration with him Mr. Edward J. Duffey, master of illumination, has brought into play a very complete technical knowledge enhanced by years of thoughtful study of the Grove hillside and its possibilities.

A special word of appreciation is due Mr. Maynard Dixon for his costume designs, which must inevitably add distinction to whatever effects of spectacular beauty may be attained in the presentation. These designs are the result not only of his artistic skill but, also, of historical research, so that they have a significance apart from their mere pictorial value.

To each and all the members of the cast the author expresses sincere thanks for their loyal and unselfish cooperation which has made possible the presentation of the play in manner worthy of the best traditions of the Bohemian Club.

FREDERICK S. MYRTLE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE PROLOGUE

THE WOODLAND KING	MR. CHARLES K. FIELD
A TREE-SPIRIT	MR. HAROLD K. BAXTER
A BROOK-SPIRIT	MR. FRANCIS J. BRUGUIERE
A CAVE-SPIRIT	MR. HERBERT HERON
A SATYR	MR. WILLIAM F. LEIB
DESTINY	MR. RAYMOND BENJAMIN
GOOD IMPULSE	MR. FREDERICK L. BERRY
EVIL IMPULSE	MR. BERNARD P. MILLER

Tree-Spirits, Brook-Spirits, Cave-Spirits, Satyrs

THE PLAY

THE COMANDANTE	MR. DOUGLAS BROOKMAN
THE FRIAR SUPERIOR	MR. R. M. HOTALING
A LIEUTENANT	MR. AUSTIN W. SPERRY
A SERGEANT	MR. E. C. FORD
FIRST SOLDIER	MR. J. WILSON SHIELS
SECOND SOLDIER	MR. DION HOLM
THIRD SOLDIER	MR. H. B. JOHNSON
FOURTH SOLDIER	MR. I. O. UPHAM
FIFTH SOLDIER	MR. WILLIAM OLNEY

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

A YOUNG SOLDIER	MR. CHARLES F. BULOTTI
A FRIAR	MR. HENRY A. MELVIN
A CORPORAL	MR. ANDREW Y. WOOD
AN INDIAN	MR. FRANK A. CORBUSIER
DESTINY	MR. RAYMOND BENJAMIN
THE ANGELIC VISION (<i>pers. muta</i>)	MR. HAROLD K. BAXTER

*Franciscan Friars, Soldiers, Camp-Tenders, Muleteers,
Indians, Voices, Spirits of Art, Tree-
Spirits, Brook-Spirits, Cave-
Spirits, Satyrs*

PLACE: The Prologue—A Californian forest. The Play—The same.
TIME: The Prologue—The prehistoric age. The Play—A.D. 1776.

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Production directed by MR. W. H. SMITH, JR.

Setting and properties designed and executed by MR. HARRY S. FONDA, DR. HARRY P. CARLTON, MR. PORTER GARNETT and MR. LOUIS C. MULGARDT.

Costumes designed by MR. MAYNARD DIXON.

Lighting by MR. EDWARD J. DUFFEY.

• • •

Musical Director, DR. H. J. STEWART.

Chorus Master, MR. UDA WALDROP.

GOLD

A Forest Play

THE PROLOGUE

A forest in central California, near the coast; a wooded hillside is revealed, at its base a grove of giant redwoods. It is night, and pale moonlight casts a weird glow upon the scene. A musical prelude is followed by the appearance of woodland folk, Tree-Spirits, Brook-Spirits and Cave-Spirits, who disport themselves in dances characteristic of their free and joyous life in the woods. In this they are joined by a band of Satyrs, and the dancing is at its wildest when the WOODLAND KING appears suddenly on the hillside. At first the woodland folk see him not, and he stands there a silent spectator of their revelry; presently, however, he is revealed to them and they gather around him and dance, hailing him with shouts of "Ob-be! Ob-be!" "Master, master! Ob-be!" Their merriment, fails to meet with response from their ruler, whose mien of great solemnity at first provokes jest.

A TREE-SPIRIT

How now, dear lord? Thou frownest on our joy!
What mood is this? Wouldst have us chant a dirge?
[*The woodland folk laugh merrily.*]

THE WOODLAND KING (*gravely but kindly*)

Nay, dance your wildest. Let your joy ring out

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Till every treetop quivers in acclaim
Of unrestrained revelry. Laugh on
Till Echo laughs yet louder and the air
Froths with the bubbles of your mirth. The night
Smiles on your sport.

THE TREE-SPIRIT

Why, then, so serious, lord?
Come, join our play. Do thou its leader be
And we'll make merry till the dawn.

[The woodland folk noisily acclaim the proposal.]

THE WOODLAND KING

Good folk,
My mood but ill accords with merriment.

THE TREE-SPIRIT (*incredulously*)

O master, say not so.

THE WOODLAND KING

Play on, play on,
And heed me not.

THE TREE-SPIRIT

But, master—

THE WOODLAND KING

Dance, I say,
While dance you may. For know, my merry folk,
Your time is short to lord it over earth;
Your race is well-nigh run.

[As their ears catch these prophetic words, the woodland folk bring their joyous capers to a sudden stop. They look at one another in evident awe.]

GOLD

A BROOK-SPIRIT

Our race nigh run?

What means this? Surely 't is a sorry jest,
If jest it is, our lord would point at us.
But mark his serious mien! It cannot be—

(*turning to address the* WOODLAND KING)

Oh, sir, you do affright us! We beseech
You of your grace explain.

THE WOODLAND KING

Alas, good folk,

Did I but jest, my heart were light indeed!

THE TREE-SPIRIT (*aside*)

Did he but jest?

THE BROOK SPIRIT (*aside*)

What dreadful words are these?

A CAVE SPIRIT

(*to the* WOODLAND KING)

Oh, sir, we do entreat you, tell us all!

[*The WOODLAND KING seats himself on a rock, while
his folk gather nearer to hear the story.*]

THE WOODLAND KING

Your race, I say, is run. Ere long these woods
Shall look their last upon such peaceful sport
As yours, mere imps of mischief that ye be
And harmless in your playing. Soon this grove
Shall know another presence, soon shall bear
Allegiance to less innocent a folk
Than you who dwell in air, in trees, in leaves,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

In caves, in brooks—your dwellings, as your lives,
Of Nature's fashioning. . . . I tell of Man,
A race of mortals, of gigantic form
And wondrous beauty, that will move and speak
As we, yet, while so far resembling us,
Will be as things apart from aught that you
Or I have ever pictured of our kind.
Has whisper of this reached your ears?

[Meeting no response save murmurs of curiosity, he proceeds.]

Well, know
That such a race will be. Had ye the means
To hold communion with the higher powers
That rule your destinies, your minds might grasp
The portent of this message that I bear.
'Tis of the coming of this being, man,
To spread and scatter over our domain
And hold and dominate it, so these woods,
These very trees and rocks and streams, shall bear
Him vassalage. And ye, poor wretched imps,
Shall hold no more your undisturbed sway
O'er all that here surrounds you. Nay, good folk,
For aught I know your very doom is sealed.

[There is consternation among the woodland folk as these words fall upon their ears. They exchange frightened glances, murmuring.]

A SATYR (*boldly*)

Your message is of such foreboding, sir,
As 't were not meet to turn aside from. Yet,
Methinks, you should inform us whence it comes,
What powers omnipotent have so decreed
Our fate. We satyrs are but demi-gods,
Yet, surely, having power these woods to guard
Against all mortal evil?

GOLD

[*The other Satyrs murmur approval. The WOODLAND KING, rising, waves them aside.*

THE WOODLAND KING

Peace, ye fools

That know not what ye say. What madness bids
You fling such boastful utterance at fate?
Think ye that satyrs made these noble woods,
These stately trees, the sun that warms, the moon
That bathes them in a gentle glow? Nay, nay,
Such work is not of woodland folk. The powers
That rule our universe are higher, far,
Than sylvan demi-gods. It is not given
To penetrate th' inscrutable, nor stay
The hand that shapes the course of destiny.

[*All are now listening with rapt attention. After a pause the WOODLAND KING proceeds.*

Such powers have I communed with, they with me,
In virtue of mine office as your king,
This glimpse into the future my reward
For that I craved some guerdon for my faith.
And now behold me, harbinger of ill
To all I hold most dear.

[*He reseats himself.*

THE BROOK-SPIRIT

We fain would know
What fashioned thing will be this man, dear lord,
That soon must oust us from our paradise.
Will he have wings?

[*The WOODLAND KING seems about to answer when a CAVE-SPIRIT breaks in.*

THE CAVE-SPIRIT

Belike he will! How else
To reach the treetops?

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE WOODLAND KING (*approvingly*)

Verily, well said.

THE BROOK-SPIRIT

And limbs like ours?

THE WOODLAND KING

Why, yes, he needs must walk
And run and dance, or else not live at all.

THE TREE-SPIRIT

Then, why may he not join with us and be
A fairy, like ourselves?

THE WOODLAND KING

No, no, my folk,
That were impossible. The Fates decree
The coming of a master race, to rule,
Not play with us.

THE CAVE-SPIRIT

And so our day is done!
What sin, what folly, must we thus atone?

THE WOODLAND KING

Nay, question me no more. My heart is dull
With dread foreboding.

[*He moves away.*]

Would the powers but deign
Protection, all might yet be well with us.

[*Clasping his hands in entreaty, he declaims his appeal to the powers.*]

Hear me, ye powers of mystery, whose will
Is fate, whose aid is ever at our call,

GOLD

Whose countenance bends trees to us and makes
The brooks to ring their laughter in our ears,
Gods of our universe, unseen, unheard,
Yet ever present, rulers of our lives,
I plead my kingdom's cause! These woodland folk,
Whose mischief is but play, have wrought no wrong;
Shall they be driven hence? Shall this new race
Of mortals overrun our world? If man
Must be, then grant, O mighty powers, that he
Become of us, to love and cherish all
We prize so dearly, finding perfect joy
In comradeship with all in Nature's realm;
But let him not a tyrant be; let him
Not cast us from our kingdom!

Hear our cry,
Ye powers! Give heed! Fortend such sacrilege!
Desert us not that worship you! Give sign
That we may know your presence at our side
Now, as of yore! A sign, dear lords, a sign!—

[A blinding flash rends the heavens. A loud report is heard, and at a point on the hillside the earth splits open, revealing a cave, the sides of which glow with a golden splendor. The woodland folk scatter in alarm, but presently are recalled by the WOODLAND KING, who, while evidently deeply moved, betrays no fear.]

THE WOODLAND KING

Behold, our cry is heard!

[Addressing the woodland folk reprovingly.]

But, why this fear?
'Tis boundless joy should fill your hearts! Rejoice,
I say, rejoice! Behold your sign! What else
Can mean such tumult from beyond, where dwell

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

The powers our prayer invoked? Let all rejoice!
Go, bring the message so conveyed! Fear not,
My folk; no harm can come to you!

[Thus reassured, the woodland folk rush toward the cavern. As they approach, DESTINY, a majestic figure, appears at the entrance. The woodland folk fall back.]

DESTINY

Behold me, messenger of fate! The powers
Ye called upon have answered! I am here,
By their command, to give you counsel. Speak!
What would ye know?

THE WOODLAND KING

Spirit, if such thou art,
We pray thee comfort us. Our hearts are sore
For that a warning from beyond our world
Hath told us of the coming of a race
Of mortals. Spirit, shall this be? Shall man
Usurp our kingdom?

DESTINY

Man must be. The Fates
Have so decreed.

THE WOODLAND KING

Will he, then, live with us?
And will he less or greater be? Canst tell?

DESTINY

Nay, man himself must shape his course on earth,
His fate his own to choose. Within his grasp
Shall lie the measure of his progress. See!

[He points to the walls and floor of the cave.]

GOLD

THE WOODLAND KING

What mystery is there? What message this?

DESTINY

Here earth lays bare a secret long withheld.
This substance, known as gold, shall have the power
To guide man's course to glory or to grief,
As Good or Evil Impulse shall control
His use of it.

[GOOD IMPULSE *and* EVIL IMPULSE *enter on the bill-side and stand on either side of* DESTINY. EVIL IMPULSE *gloats and leers, while the demeanor of* GOOD IMPULSE *is tranquil and dignified.*

THE WOODLAND KING

Hath gold some subtle charm?

DESTINY

Such charm as impulse may exert, no more.

THE WOODLAND KING

These impulses are ever present, then?

DESTINY

Both are at hand! Let each speak for himself!

EVIL IMPULSE

I go with every piece of gold. My will
Directs who finds to make good use of it.
Let me your prompter be, good folk, and peace
Shall dwell within your realm for aye.

GOOD IMPULSE

I, too,
Reveal my presence in the gold, but not
For evil purpose, but to stay the hand

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

That, ill directed, would abuse its power.

EVIL IMPULSE

Heard ye the all-wise counsel? Know ye, then,
That here, at hand lies answer to your prayer.
See for yourselves!

*[He rushes into the cave and brings out handfuls of
golden pieces which he casts upon the ground
before the woodland folk.]*

Take what the gods provide!
Its lure shall be your weapon to defend
Your woodland kingdom!

GOOD IMPULSE

Heed him not, good folk!
Beware his influence! Best live your lives
And leave man's mystery to man alone!

EVIL IMPULSE

Wherefore, then, did ye pray? What use a sign
From those ye called upon, if so ye fail
To profit by it? Never more the powers
Ye serve shall hearken to your cry if fear
Shall conquer faith!

DESTINY

These warring impulses
Shall strive for mastery within man's soul,
And fierce shall be the struggle; but when man
Shall rise up in his might and cast from him
All lust for gold in that it represents
But fruitless vanities, content to use
Its power for nobler ends, then man shall know
Himself.

And now, enough! The spoken word

GOLD

Hath given you insight into what shall be.
A summons calls us hence! Away, away!

[DESTINY and GOOD and EVIL IMPULSE *withdraw into the cave. The woodland folk stand awe-inspired. The WOODLAND KING is the first to recover himself and, stepping to where the gold lies scattered on the ground, picks up a fragment.*

THE WOODLAND KING (*musingly*)

Here may we find the answer to our prayer,
The weapon sought to wield against the foe
That comes to rob us of our paradise.

TREE-SPIRIT (*protesting*)

Master, beware! Harbor not vengeful thoughts
At such a time as this! It bodes not well
To hurl defiance at the Fates!

THE SATYR

Hear me,
Dear lord. Before us lies the golden lure
That's destined to make havoc of man's soul;
Let's take this message as 't was sent and make
Good use of it.

TREE-SPIRIT

No, I beseech you, no!
'T is Evil prompts you now! The very lure
You set for others may ensnare us all
And work our ruin!

THE SATYR

Why, what talk is this?
No evil spirit enters here.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE TREE-SPIRIT

Unseen,
This Evil One, yet lurks he by your side,
His leering countenance aflame with rage
To force you to his will, the demon, Fear,
His vile accomplice. He would have you tear
Your very souls asunder in a cause
Unjust as foolish, lost before begun!

THE SATYR

Let not such fearful counsel move you, lord;
The powers have spoken; 't is for us to heed!
[*The WOODLAND KING signifies his approval of this suggestion.*]

THE WOODLAND KING

My trusty folk, what earth hath yielded, earth
Shall nurture to a greater yielding still.
The seed is here for sowing. Sow it, then,
Where bounteous harvest may be well assured.
All nature shall acclaim this day!

[*The WOODLAND KING motions to where the golden treasure lies. The woodland folk start to gather it, when the TREE-SPIRIT again protests.*]

TREE-SPIRIT

Alas,
Poor, simple woodland folk, what would ye do?

THE WOODLAND KING

They do my will! Do you, a subject, dare
To question it? Begone!

[*The TREE-SPIRIT goes out. The WOODLAND KING addresses his waiting subjects.*]

GOLD

Why loiter ye,

My folk? Go, do my bidding!

[*The woodland folk gather handfuls of the gold and scatter in all directions. The WOODLAND KING remains alone.*

So, 't is well;

And now the seed thus sown shall multiply
And every impulse so engendered grow
A thousand fold, to spread and spread again.
Stouter the spirit, stouter yet the will
For good or evil, as the Fates may choose;
So may these impulses, whate'er they be,
Lay such fierce hold upon the tyrant, man,
As to disrupt his very being, turn
His substance into shadow. Then, indeed,
May power be ours to guard our heritage
From tyrants all!

[*Darkness falls. A flash of lightning reveals the WOODLAND KING standing with arms uplifted. A moment later a roll of thunder is heard, followed by flashes of lightning which show the hillside entirely deserted.*

INTERMEZZO

(*The music of the intermezzo is descriptive of the passing from night into dawn and on to the full glory of the day.*)

THE PLAY

The scene is the same as in the Prologue. Centuries have elapsed. It is now the latter part of the eighteenth century.

[At the conclusion of the intermezzo, the music changes and a company of Indians enters. They are out hunting; one has killed a deer and the carcass is borne in triumph. The Indians, in merry mood, are celebrating the success of the chase, when, suddenly, the blare of trumpets is heard in the distance. The Indians scatter in alarm. The trumpets sound again, and at the summit of the hillside the COMANDANTE appears. He is accompanied by the FRIAR SUPERIOR and followed by the Soldiers. Mingling with these are a number of Friars of the Franciscan order, one carrying a large wooden cross; camp-tenders with pack-mules bring up the rear. They wend their way slowly down the hillside to the spirited strains of a march. On arrival at the bottom of the hill the Soldiers join in a song of cheer.]

SOLDIERS (*singing*)

For Spain and Glory, God and King,
Through desert drear and forest wild
We onward march and onward bring
Hispania's greeting to her child—
Hail, Alta California!
Behold our country's flag unfurled!
Here spreads a western empire

GOLD

To glory Spain before the world!
Let trumpets blare and voices ring
For Spain and Glory, God and King!

One nation frowns across the seas,
Another threatens border-line;
But Spain confronts her enemies
As guardian of a trust divine!

Hail, Alta California!
Behold, our country's flag unfurled!
Here spreads a western empire
To glory Spain before the world!
Let trumpets blare and voices ring
For Spain and Glory, God and King!

[*During the singing the COMANDANTE and the FRIAR
SUPERIOR stand apart from the others.*]

THE COMANDANTE (*looking about him*).

A noble spot, good father!

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Truly so,

My son.

THE COMANDANTE

Dame Nature hath been generous
To all this western land, but surely more
Than lavish here.

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR (*sententiously*)

Say, rather, God, my son;
For Nature but obeys His law.

THE COMANDANTE
(*with amused good humor*)

Nay, nay,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Good priest, I am not wanting in respect
Or reverence for Him who made our world;
I do but yield to Nature her small due
For this fair sample of her industry.
How sweet this grove! Mark you these stately trees,
Grim records of the ages that have past
Since first their roots laid hold upon the ground
To shoot slim saplings skyward. See, they stand
Encircling us with grave, straight columns, like
Some old cathedral.

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Truly said. They seem
To bend their limbs to us in blessing, while
Their leaves waft fragrant incense all around.

THE COMANDANTE

(rousing himself as from a reverie)

This peaceful stillness moves to sentiment
And thoughts that wander far.

(turning to his soldiers)

Hear me, my men;
The journey hath been hard to-day; this place
Invites, so let us lie within its shade
Until to-morrow's sun. Go, gather wood
For fires, and let who boast the hunter's craft
Find game to fill the cooking-pot. Full pot,
Full belly that, with slumber's help, gives strength
Against the hardships of the trail. But, stay—

(addressing the FRIAR SUPERIOR)

Your blessing, father, on our resting-place.

[*All assume reverent attitudes as the FRIAR SUPERIOR, standing erect, turns in a half circle and, with uplifted arm, gives the blessing. Then the Friars, unaccompanied, chant an Ave Maria.*]

GOLD

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus
Fructus ventris tui Jesus. Sancta Maria,
Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc
Et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen.

*[At the close of the chant the FRIAR SUPERIOR, who
has been standing directly in front of the cross,
faces the assemblage and intones.]*

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Dominus vobiscum.

ALL

Et cum spiritu tuo.

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Benedicamus Domino.

ALL

Deo gratias.

*[Some of the soldiers go off in various directions
upon the duties assigned them. Camp-tenders
bustle about preparing for the night's bivouac.
At a point on the hillside, the Friars plant the
cross and build an altar which they cover with a
rich cloth. The FRIAR SUPERIOR joins the
COMANDANTE, who summons a LIEUTENANT
and a SERGEANT to a conference.]*

THE COMANDANTE

We near the goal, my friends. Another day
Should end our journey.

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR (*piously*)

Praised be the Lord
That He hath held us safe upon our way.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE COMANDANTE (*reverently assenting*)

All praise be His. Without His gracious aid
Our lot were hard indeed. No puny task
The noble viceroy set us, by command
Of His most Catholic Majesty, our King,
Whom Saints preserve. Thrice have I made the ford
Of swollen Colorado, thrice the vast,
Inhospitable desert crossed, each step
Defying ravages of hunger, thirst,
Cold, sickness, hostile gentiles, all the ills
And perils the explorer needs must face.
But now, it seems, the end is near at hand,
The goal all but in sight.

[*As he pauses the LIEUTENANT interrupts.*]

THE LIEUTENANT

Your pardon, sir,
But I am young in service and the thrill
Of romance stirs my corselet and gives zest
To sternest duty. Will you not relate
Your perilous adventure?

THE SERGEANT (*stepping forward*)

I, too, sir,
If I may make so free, would crave to know
The why and wherefore of our journeying.
Plain soldier I, knowing enough to go
Where told and when, and ask no questions; yet
I, too, have braved the dangers of the trail
These many hundred leagues, and now the end
Is come, I'm told, and still I know no more
Than when I left Tubac. 'Tis understood,
Of course, that we're to hoist the flag of Spain
And tell the world we're here and here to stay;

GOLD

But why such hurry? This new land of ours
Won't run away; it's stood two hundred years
Since first Cabrillo claimed it; that I know.
Methinks it might as well just linger on
Another century or so without
Much danger to the cause of Spain. But, lo, -
Some word mysterious and out we turn;
Build forts and missions up and down the coast;
Cover the desert with our tracks; and now
We're heading for the river, arm, or gulf,
Whate'er it is, that lies up yonder.

(pointing northward)

Why,

Good gentlemen, this wild excitement?

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

How,

Bold soldier? Hold you, then, of no account
The saving of a host of darkened souls?
Your forts protect while missions spread the Word
Among the heathen ignorant, who know
No law but instinct, serve no god but Fear.

THE COMANDANTE

Forgive him, father. 'T was the soldier spoke
In him, with all a soldier's heedlessness.

[The SERGEANT abashed, drops on one knee.]

THE SERGEANT

I crave your pardon, father.

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Nay, my son,
Kneel not to me. You did but speak the thoughts
That stirred your soldier's heart. The fault was mine

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

That I rebuked you, knowing what you were,
A soldier, not a priest.

[*The SERGEANT rises and moves away.*

THE COMANDANTE

A brave one, too,
And loyal.

[*He calls the SERGEANT back.*

Here, good Juan! You fain would know
What purpose lies behind our journeying?
Well, listen and be wise. The Briton scowls,
The Muscovite encroaches; and our King
Takes warning by such signs and moves to meet
The issue. Stern necessity demands
We occupy this long-neglected coast
And wave our country's banner to the world
As sign that Spain stands ready to protect
Her realm from insult or invading host.

THE LIEUTENANT (*enthusiastically*)

Oh, 't is a noble work! And you, sir, you
Have borne the heavy burden and will reap
The glorious reward!

THE COMANDANTE (*smiling*)

Your zeal, José,
Beclouds your memory. Right well you know
That I but follow paths that others hewed.

THE LIEUTENANT

Yet none claims your achievement.

THE COMANDANTE

True, I found

GOLD

The Royal Highway, joining south to north,
Province to province, in communion,
Linking our Christian missions in a chain
Of open travel. There a cherished dream
I realized, and in my fervor praised
The Lord of Armies.

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Praise His name!

ALL

Amen.

*[Some Soldiers are seen returning, laden with wood
and game.]*

THE LIEUTENANT

How holds our King the native tribes that swarm
The length and breadth of these his provinces?

THE COMANDANTE

He bids us hold them brothers. In his creed
One God created all men, as the sky,
The sun, the moon, the stars, the universe;
And all men are akin within these realms,
All subjects of the King and serving God,
The King's one master. So His Majesty
Commends our gentile brethren to our care,
To visit them and give them peace.

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

While I

And others of my order bear the cross
Where starving souls are to be won to Christ.
Abundant harvest, surely, should reward
Our apostolic zeal.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE LIEUTENANT

And now, it seems,
We near our journey's end.

THE COMANDANTE

Yes, surely so;
My knowledge tells me that from yonder peak
Lying to northward we should sight the gulf
That splits the land at entrance to the port
Of San Francisco. There our journey ends.
Our fort shall overlook those waters, and
In some sweet, peaceful valley near at hand
Our mission bell shall summon worshipers.
José, your work lies there.

THE LIEUTENANT (*joyfully*)

O, say you so?

THE COMANDANTE

'T is you shall found both fort and mission. You
Shall take command and live to glorify
The name of San Francisco de Asis.
Come, follow me while yet there's light. Perchance
From yonder peak we may espy our goal.

(*observing that the SERGEANT appears ill at ease*)
Why, Juan, what trouble lines your countenance?

THE SERGEANT

Our men are growing restless, sir. They've heard
And read in books about this western land,
How it's an island and inhabited
By black-skinned women, and abounds in gold
And precious stones. . . .

I tell them 't is n't so,
But they, they won't believe me.

GOLD

THE LIEUTENANT (*impulsively*)

Fools, they know

This is no island. As for women, none
Have seen the kind they seek. 'Tis all a tale
Of purest fiction.

THE COMANDANTE

'Tis the gold that sinks
Most deep into their thoughts, I fear, José.

(*to the SERGEANT*)

Good Juan, I charge you, laugh these men to scorn;
Tell them of glory; promise rich rewards;
Say or do anything to turn their hearts
Aside from mischief. Go!

[*The SERGEANT obeys. The COMANDANTE turns to the FATHER SUPERIOR.*

I feared but this!

[*He paces up and down in great agitation. Then, turning to the LIEUTENANT.*

José, time presses. We must on. So, come;
Take men to bear us torches. Daylight wanes,
So we must do our scouting now, at once.

[*Turning to leave, he addresses the FATHER SUPERIOR.*

Good father, pray our safe return.

[*The COMANDANTE and the LIEUTENANT start up the hillside. The LIEUTENANT calls two soldiers to his side, and they follow. The FRIAR SUPERIOR is left standing in an attitude of deep reflection. He goes directly to the cross and, with uplifted hands, appeals to heaven.*

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

What awful danger threatens? Can it be

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

That now, upon the very eve of victory,
This curse, this dreaded curse, the lust for gold,
Shall raise a hideous spectre in our midst
To rend our souls apart and stupefy
Our senses, so that we become as beasts
And sink our manhood in a bestial strife?
Eternal Spirit, hold thy children safe!
Let not disaster through this curse of gold
Descend upon them and their sacred cause!
Oh, hear our prayer! Thy Holy Church appeals
To Thee for succor in its hour of need!

A VOICE

Take heart! The hour of strife approaches, yet
Be comforted! 'Tis written man shall kneel
Before this golden image, shall debase
His soul in madness for its splendor; but
At darkest hour, when all seems chaos, when
Dire ruin threatens, do thou cry aloud
And answer shall be given thee. Take heart!

[*The FRIAR SUPERIOR stands transfixed in amazement for a moment. Then, raising his hands on high, his countenance beaming with ecstasy, he moves away and disappears. And now more Soldiers return from hunting. The afternoon wears on. Bivouac fires are built by the camp-tenders and the evening meal is started in a large cooking-pot. The Friars occupy quarters apart from the soldiers. Three Friars start a game of quoits with horseshoes, while others look on. It is the hour of general recreation. The soldiers, for the most part, assume lounging attitudes and amuse themselves in various ways, some at dice, some at cards. Six Soldiers detach themselves from the others and, moving to one side, engage in earnest conversation.*

GOLD

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, what's in store for us? What rich rewards
Await us yonder?

SECOND SOLDIER

Just such rich rewards
As we deserve, who toil and slave for naught
But common soldiers' portion.

FIRST SOLDIER (*in a bantering tone*)

How, my friend,
Have fame and glory lost their charm for you?

SECOND SOLDIER

What use is glory when one's youth is spent
And limbs drag wearily? 'T was not for that
I donned my soldier's corselet and set out
Across the desert; no, I dreamed of better things.

THIRD SOLDIER (*laughing*)

A dream of conquest, women, wealth and power;
Eh, soldier, eh?

SECOND SOLDIER (*botly*)

And if I did?

FIRST SOLDIER

Come, come,
We're wasting time in banter. None of us
But sees through toil and danger some reward
To make his toil and danger worth the while.
So now, what say you? Shall we strike a blow
For freedom?

THIRD SOLDIER

Meaning—?

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

FIRST SOLDIER

(motioning to the others to draw near)

Meaning this, my friends;
The books proclaim this land a treasure-vault,
Charged to the mouth with gold and precious stones;
The wealth of ages.

FOURTH SOLDIER

Women, too, 't is said;
Black as the night but beauteous as the stars.

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, women, if you like. No land's so poor
But holds attractions for the amorous. But gold
Is what concerns us most.

FIFTH SOLDIER

Where is this gold?
Mine eyes have not beheld a trace of it.

FIRST SOLDIER

There's something tells me we shall find it soon;
I seem to scent it, like a hound whose nose
Assists his eyes to good advantage. Men,
Once find this treasure, then away with fame
And all such foolishness.

FIFTH SOLDIER

Our leader, though?

FIRST SOLDIER

Naught but ambition stirs his martial soul;
He's for his country's glory, first and last;
Expect no aid from him.

GOLD

FIFTH SOLDIER

But does he know?

FIRST SOLDIER

I'll swear he does. I feel it in my bones
That he and others know that what we seek
Is near at hand. But he hath held his peace;
Afraid, no doubt, for his belovèd venture.

THIRD SOLDIER

He'd surely not deny a soldier's right
To spoils of soldier's enterprise? D'ye think
He'd not consent?

FIRST SOLDIER

(dropping his voice to a cautious whisper)

Consent? What matters it?

Once find the gold, and we can say "Go, hang,
You and your glory! . . ."

Should he combat us

It shall go hard with him.

SECOND SOLDIER

You'd mutiny?

FIRST SOLDIER

Aye, if you call it so. Before I'd stand
To turn my back on such a chance as this,
I'd kill! Yes, kill!

[They look at one another in awe. The FIRST SOLDIER notices the SERGEANT approaching.]

No more of this just now.

Await events; they'll happen fast enough
For all of us, or I'm a fool. Lie low,
Lie low.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*There are laughter and shouts from the Soldiers on the hillside. A YOUNG SOLDIER steps forward and sings.*

THE YOUNG SOLDIER (*singing*)

Know ye the maiden of sunny Castile?
Hair black as night,
Eyes starry bright,
Rosy-red lips that when parted reveal
Teeth pearly white,
Smiles that invite;
Rich jewels shining,
Soft arms entwining,
Matchless form swaying in dance's mad fling;
Gay colors flashing,
Castanets clashing,
Maid of Castile, to your glory I sing!

Hear us, fair maid, as your grace we entreat!
Sons of Castile,
Proudly we kneel,
Noble and peasant, alike, at your feet;
Hold you divine,
Toast you in wine,
Pledge you devotion
Deep as the ocean,
Fight for your favor with knighthood's true zeal;
Sigh for you madly,
Die for you gladly,
Queen of the world is our maid of Castile!

[*As the song concludes, the SECOND SOLDIER comes in dragging an INDIAN with him, much excited, and is joined immediately by the FIRST SOLDIER. The INDIAN is trembling with fear. The Soldiers around the camp are too engrossed to notice them,*

GOLD

but the SERGEANT observes them, and, under cover of the applause which greets the conclusion of the song, comes forward.

THE SERGEANT

What have we here?

SECOND SOLDIER (*breathlessly*)

Good news, great, glorious news!

THE SERGEANT

What call ye news? Yon wretched, trembling waif—
Where found ye him? He hath an abject look,
As one in fear. Is he your glorious news?

SECOND SOLDIER

When you have heard our tidings, Sergeant Juan,
You'll pipe another tune. You'll bless the hour
We fell upon this savage in the woods.
We're rich! I tell you, rich!

THE SERGEANT (*puzzled*)

How, rich?

SECOND SOLDIER (*excitedly*)

Yes, rich!

You, I, and all of us!

THE SERGEANT (*testily*)

Quit raving, fool,

And speak.

[The attention of the conspirators is attracted. They draw near.]

SECOND SOLDIER

I'm raving, am I? Well, methinks

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

You'll rave yourself directly. All around
These woods are riches for the gathering,
Riches untold! 'Tis gold, bright, shining gold!
The mountains teem with it, the river-beds;
The very spot we're standing on may hide
Enough to stock a galleon!

[The SERGEANT appears startled and makes a motion as though to check the torrent of words that flow from the excited Soldier. Recovering himself, he bursts into a hearty laugh and slaps the SECOND SOLDIER on the back.]

THE SERGEANT

Come, let us have the story.

SECOND SOLDIER

This poor waif,
You call him, proves your benefactor, for
Through him the glorious tidings came to us.
We fell upon him skulking in the woods
And took him captive. He was far too scared
To even try to flee from us, much less
Show fight. No weapons bore he, but a belt
Girdled his loins and this we took from him.
Concealed therein we found—look for yourselves!

[As he speaks the SECOND SOLDIER exhibits a handful of gold nuggets. The others crowd in closer.]

ALL

Gold, surely gold!

FIRST SOLDIER

Aye, comrades, gold it is.
And where that comes from stores on stores abound!

GOLD

THE SERGEANT

How know you this?

SECOND SOLDIER

(*pointing to the INDIAN*)

By talk I had with him.

THE SERGEANT

You speak his tongue?

SECOND SOLDIER

No, sergeant, nor he mine;
But signs are sometimes eloquent enough.
Try him yourself.

[*Thus adjured, the SERGEANT exhibits the nuggets to the INDIAN, and by signs inquires if such are to be found nearby. The INDIAN nods intelligently and spreads out his arms in response, taking in all points of the compass.*]

THE SERGEANT (*aside*)

This cursèd savage knows
Enough to set the camp ablaze. The men
Already murmur. Once the lust for gold
Gets in their bones, good-bye to everything;
We might as well give up.

(*aloud*)

A wondrous tale,
Upon my soul. More wondrous still, if true.
(*calling to the Soldiers on the hillside*)
Comrades, the hour is late, and belly cries
For food. Let's eat, let's eat. Ha, ha!

(*pointing to a FRIAR recumbent under a tree*)

There's one

Who answers to the call right readily.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*The SERGEANT moves away from the group in the direction of camp. A chorus of laughter greets the FRIAR as he sits up and rubs his eyes.*]

THE FRIAR

Such pleasant dreams; 't was shame to waken me.
Or was it nature's summons? Like enough;
I'm hungry, and I smell good, luscious food.

(*singing*)

What fragrant odors meet my nose
To rouse me from my sweet repose?
They're not of Araby, nor yet
Of Flora's kingdom, I dare bet.
For well I know what penetrates
The atmosphere and me elates,
So that I feel a welcome glow
Pervade my being, top to toe;
No perfume e'er my senses wooed
So well as that of luscious food!

CHORUS

And to eat, ha, ha! of good meat, ha, ha!
Is a friar's best occupation;
For, the belly to fill is to cure every ill
That threatens the soul's damnation!

THE FRIAR

Let lover pipe his mournful lay;
Let drunkard in his cellar bray;
Let monk go empty, if he will;
They're naught to me, I eat my fill!
No stern ascetic I, to fast
Till all desire for food is past;
I bless the day when cooks were born
And pity stomach so forlorn

GOLD

As cannot bear its weight of meat;
Give me to eat! Give me to eat!

CHORUS

For, to eat, ha, ha! of good meat, ha, ha!
Is a pious man's recreation;
Let him fast who will, the belly to fill
Best fits the soul for salvation!

[*The refrain is taken up by Soldiers who have been cooking and are armed with various utensils which they use to beat time to the music. At the conclusion of the song they gather around the FRIAR, laughing and applauding, and lead him to the cooking-pot. The other Friars follow in more sedate fashion. Meanwhile, there is increased agitation on the part of the group of malcontents. Others are attracted to them. The SERGEANT, seeing that matters are becoming serious, breaks into the gathering.*

THE SERGEANT

Now, what's ado?
What ails you, comrades? Is this mutiny,
Or what? 'Tis but a moment since ye sang
And danced and laughed like happy children; now
Ye look like devils. What's it all about?

FIRST SOLDIER (*boldly*)

You mentioned mutiny; well, call it so.

THE SERGEANT

You mean—

FIRST SOLDIER

I mean just this—you've lied to us.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE SERGEANT
(*starting forward angrily*)

How, damn you, lied, you say?

FIRST SOLDIER (*botly*)

Aye, lied, I said;

And here's the proof!

[*He points to the INDIAN. By this time all on the hillside, Soldiers and Friars, attracted by the bubblub, have gathered round the disputants.*]

This heathen hath betrayed
What you, old cunning fox, would hide from us
And so would rob us of our recompense
For all the hardships we have undergone
And dangers braved for you. This very day
We talked with you, recounting what we'd heard
About the treasures of this western land,
Of gold and precious stones; and you, you sneered—
To put us off the scent, of course—and swore
'T was all an old wives' tale. And now you're caught,
Caught in your miserable lie!

[*Loud murmurs from the throng. The SERGEANT makes a step forward, but is held back.*]

There's gold,
Aye, gold galore, all round about, each foot
Of earth a treasure spot!

(*to his companions who are now crowding in excitedly*)

What say ye, men,
To this fair promise? Shall we stay content
With soldiers' fare the balance of our lives,
When at our very feet there's rich, red gold
Just waiting to be gathered? Speak, men, speak,
Speak out your will! Choose now your fate, to toil

GOLD

For empty glory, or to lie at ease
In lap of luxury, the world your slave,
Your gold a talisman, your every whim
A law, a law to be obeyed!

Oh, think,
Think what it means, to cast from you the yoke
Of slavery forever and to live
As princes of the earth! Come, now's the time
For action—which of you will follow me?

SOLDIERS (*in loud acclaim*)

All, all of us! Lead on, we follow!

[*The FIRST SOLDIER and his followers now turn to depart. But as the throng moves the FRIAR SUPERIOR, who has entered during the dispute, steps forward and raises his right hand in warning.*

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Hold!
Take warning ere ye move one step! The church,
The Holy Church commands you, hold!

[*His earnestness causes a halt, and for a moment the Soldiers stand irresolute. But the chief agitator, unafraid, boldly faces the FRIAR SUPERIOR.*

FIRST SOLDIER

How now?
What means this interference, worthy friar?
What law of God or man do we transgress
That you invoke the church?

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR (*earnestly*)

I bid you pause,
If only for a moment. Pause, reflect
Ere one false step ye take. An evil spell

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Hath fallen on you! 'T is a spell accursed!
Beware the golden tempter! From his wiles
Our good Saint Francis spent his life to shield
His followers. And ye, my soldiers brave,
Would turn your backs upon your patron Saint
At evil's prompting? No, it shall not be!
Your faith, your loyalty, your manhood, cry
A shame upon you!

FIRST SOLDIER (*sharply*)

Come, my comrades, come;
We've talked enough, now let us act.

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR
(*in a last entreaty*)

But, wait!
Your leader is not here! Ye would not leave
Without his knowledge? He will soon return;
Abide his coming, like good men and true.

FIRST SOLDIER (*sternly*)
Who choose to stay may do so. I do not.
Comrades, we're wasting precious time.

[*The FRIAR SUPERIOR raises his hand to heaven in
mute appeal. As the Soldiers turn once more
to go, the SERGEANT, drawing his sword, places
himself between them and the path.*]

THE SERGEANT

Not yet!
Across my prostrate body ye shall go,
Not otherwise!

[*But the blood of the Soldiers is up and they speedily
rush upon the SERGEANT and disarm him. In
a surging mass they pour into the forest, bearing*]



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "GOLD"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

GOLD

the SERGEANT along with them and crying, "On, on to find the gold!" The FRIAR SUPERIOR, left alone, casts himself on his knees before the cross. There is complete stillness for some moments. Suddenly, the COMANDANTE and his escort are seen returning. The COMANDANTE, in the uncertain light, not observing that the camp is deserted, speaks from the hillside.

THE COMANDANTE (*ecstatically*)

Eureka! Give me joy, my friends! The goal
Is all but won! Just now I looked upon
The gulf that marks the entrance to our port
Of San Francisco. North of here it lies,
A bare day's journey. In the background looms
The noble peak our patron Saint hath blessed
As guardian of those waters. There beyond
Lies Point Los Reyes, Vizcaino named
So aptly from the Day of Holy Kings
On which he first beheld it. So I found
Each landmark as 't was pictured to my mind.
And now the flag of Spain—

[The COMANDANTE halts abruptly, for the first time conscious that something is amiss. He looks about him.]

But what's amiss?
Where are the men? Our soldiers, friars, all
Are gone! The camp's deserted!

[He sees the FRIAR SUPERIOR, who has risen from his knees and is moving toward him.]

Father, say,
What means this? Why, your countenance is grave
And pale as death! What's happened? Speak, I say!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

*(his head bowed in grief and throwing out his
hands in a gesture of despair)*

The worst, my son.

THE COMANDANTE

'T is as we feared, then?

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Aye;

The cursèd spell we feared, the spell of gold,
Hath come upon them like an avalanche
And swept them from our side. And now they're gone,
Maddened with greed, to tear from Mother Earth
Her golden secret. Fools, they think that wealth
Means more than life to them.

THE COMANDANTE

Yes, fools indeed;

But let such folly once possess their souls
And fools have power to work more ill than knaves.
So, now the blow hath fallen. On the eve
Of glorious achievement, with the goal
At hand, this blight is sent to frost our hopes
And wither all ambition.

*[The COMANDANTE walks to one side, his attitude one
of utter dejection. The FRIAR SUPERIOR goes
to him and lays a hand upon his shoulder.]*

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Come, my son;

'T is not a soldier's part to own despair
His conqueror.

THE COMANDANTE

No, father, no; and yet

GOLD

This strange depression—call it what you will—
Controls my very being. Bear with me.

[He takes his seat upon a rock.]

Almighty Providence, is this the end?
Is such a fate reserved for me and mine
As others met who nobler aims pursued
Than I e'en dreamed of? Is there no reward
For glorious endeavor? Are we all
To perish by the same relentless hand,
A destiny that looks not into aims
Nor objects, purposes in life, nor men,
But strikes, it would appear, at random and
Destroys at will? Each book of history
Abounds with instances where justice strayed
And man and enterprise were doomed to death
Without a hearing. Nay, this very coast
Bears witness to Dame Fortune's grim caprice.
Balboa, when thou stood'st on Darien's peak
To gaze upon the boundless western sea,
Had'st thou foreknowledge of thy hapless fate,
Thy headless corse thy life's memorial?
Cortéz, thou conqueror! What booteth thee
To subjugate an empire but to fall
A victim to imperial neglect?
Cabrillo, thou did'st sail the western coast
And claim it for thy sovereign, but to leave
Thy bones to bleach upon a desert isle!
Then, Coronado, thou in princely state
Did'st make thy journeyings; but thou did'st lend
Too ready ear to fables, and thine end
Was that of some poor, wretched derelict!
And so they came and went, these men of iron
Who did and dared. And now my turn is come,
It seems. 'T was e'en predicted in my youth
That I should fall before this curse of lust,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Of avarice, of evil impulse, all
The harvest from the seed that men call gold;
Is this resistless fate, or shall I fight
For freedom for my manhood, for my soul,
Against the dark oppressor?

[Voices are heard near-by and the Soldiers rush in, followed by the Friars. The Soldiers are wildly excited. Each carries handfuls of golden nuggets while the pockets of their jerkins are bulging with treasure.]

FIRST SOLDIER

Here I stop;
No more for me of hardships. Good red gold
I'll carry back with me along the trail,
Across the seas and right to dear old Spain.
The motherland is good enough for me.

SECOND SOLDIER

My wealth to tender purpose I'll devote.
The fairest women shall be mine; I'll choose
From all the beauties at the court. What's life
When love is absent?

THIRD SOLDIER

Give me gold for power;
Why fool your life away in idleness
When you can bend a nation to your will?

FOURTH SOLDIER

The hazard of the die's my weakness; now
I'll humor it; with riches back of me
The tide of luck may ebb and flow at will.
My life shall be one dazzling game of chance!

GOLD

FIFTH SOLDIER

I seem to hear the trickling of the gold
Through fondling fingers. To mine ears it sounds
As music. It shall be my joy to hold
Communion with my riches all alone.

FIRST SOLDIER

A miser, eh? Why, blast you, gold is meant
For spending, not for hoarding. Give your share
To one who'll find a better use for it!

[As he speaks he advances upon the other, who, starting back, lays his hand upon his sword.]

FIFTH SOLDIER

Take care! This robbery's a game that two
Can play at!

FIRST SOLDIER

Comrades, help me to relieve
This miser of his hoard!

SECOND SOLDIER *(running up)*

Help you, indeed!

Why, where do I come in?

THIRD SOLDIER

Here, I'm in this!

FOURTH SOLDIER

And I!

[Other Soldiers cry, "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" A scene of great confusion ensues. Weapons are drawn and a skirmish is imminent. The FRIARS, who have gathered round the FRIAR SUPERIOR at the cross, turn at the bubblub and start to

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

intervene, but are anticipated by the COMANDANTE, who now steps forward and confronts the unruly throng.

THE COMANDANTE

Hold! Hold, I say! What means this rioting?
Has madness come upon you all?

[The Soldiers halt abruptly at the sound of their leader's voice. Swords are lowered, and all turn facing the COMANDANTE. The FIRST SOLDIER takes a step forward.]

FIRST SOLDIER

Oh, no;
Not madness; rather the reverse. It seems
We've all been blind, but now, at last, we see.

THE COMANDANTE (*angrily*)

See what, you scoundrel? Dare you thus affront
Your leader?

FIRST SOLDIER (*boldly*)

Leader! Pah! Your leadership
Is over. We are masters now.

THE COMANDANTE

You dare
To speak such words to me?

FIRST SOLDIER

I dare, and do.
What's more, I speak for all around me.

THE SERGEANT

(breaking away from the group and placing himself beside his leader)

No!

GOLD

Not all, by God! Here's one who'll never side
With mutiny!

[*A CORPORAL follows the SERGEANT and is in turn followed by another corporal and a group of Soldiers.*

THE CORPORAL

And here are others!

[*The two bands face one another menacingly. The COMANDANTE greets his followers with a gesture of appreciation and, stepping forward, addresses the mutineers.*

THE COMANDANTE

Men,
One word of solemn warning. Well I know
What evil hath befallen you. The craze
For wealth hath rent your very souls and turned
Brave, honest soldiers into fiends. Is this
Your loyalty to Spain? Where is your pledge
To God and King? Would you desert the cause
So nearly won?

FIRST SOLDIER (*insolently*)

What cause? We know no cause
But that of freedom.

THE COMANDANTE

(*disregarding the FIRST SOLDIER and addressing the others*)

Soldiers, think what means
Desertion at this point! I now appeal
To you as men, as brothers, all of you!
Ambition, glory, riches, power are naught
When measured side by side with fellowship.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

The loving loyalty man bears for man
Outweighs all things material! This without,
Man's mission upon earth were vain indeed!
No cause, however noble in itself,
Can win but men walk hand in hand
Along the path that leads to victory.
Comrades, my cause is yours! Come, follow me
Where glory waits. That won, go dig for gold
Till very weight of wealth oppresses you!

[The COMANDANTE's appeal is fruitless. The mutineers stand defiant.]

FIRST SOLDIER (*impatiently*)

Men, choose your leader now! Or follow him
Or me! Quick, speak your will!

SOLDIERS (*clamorously*)

We follow you!

THE COMANDANTE

(drawing his sword and calling upon his followers)

Come, then, have at them! They outnumber us,
But right is on our side. For God and King!

[His followers rally round him with drawn weapons, crying "For God and King!" to which members of the other band reply with "For God and Liberty!" The opposing forces rush together. The Friars are gathered at the cross around the FRIAR SUPERIOR, who is silently invoking aid from on high. But just as weapons clash the FRIAR SUPERIOR, snatching up a cross from the altar and holding it aloft, plunges into the midst of the fray.]

GOLD

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Hold! Hold! Almighty Ruler, hear me now!
Out of the depths I cry to thee for aid!
All, all is dark before our eyes! The hand
Of Death is on us! Save us, save, O God!

[The mutineers halt, irresolute. Their leader rails at them.]

FIRST SOLDIER

What, cowards, men? Do ye, then, stand afraid
At sound of prayer and preaching?

[There are cries of "No!" "Lead on!" The FIRST SOLDIER rushes at the FRIAR SUPERIOR. At that instant, a voice rings out from the heavens and is heard above the din.]

A VOICE

Peace, mortals! Cease your senseless strife! Give heed!

[The mutineers fall back. Angelic music is heard and a white-robed ANGELIC VISION is revealed in the sky.]

OTHER VOICES (*chanting*)

Peace, mortals, peace! Your way lies before you;
Fulfill your destiny, to bring enlightenment to earth.
Earth's treasures shall be yours, not for strife
Among you but to aid you in the task decreed by fate.
Peace, mortals, peace!

[The ANGELIC VISION vanishes, and DESTINY is disclosed on the hillside above the mortal throng.]

DESTINY

Mortals, ye now behold the evil wrought
By lust for gold. Long ages past, this strife

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Among you was foreseen. This very grove
Beheld a conflict. Good and Evil fought
For mastery, and Evil gained the day.
The seed of Evil Impulse then was sown
That man should reap the harvest. So was war
Declared upon the human race. But now
A mightier power than aught of Evil guides
Man's mission upon earth. 'Tis given man
To choose 'twixt Good and Evil, and the choice
Is unrestrained. No longer Evil rules
By right of conquest. Therefore, if ye seek
Full measure of contentment, joy and peace,
Renounce your gold, in token that ye heed
This message of the Infinite!

*[The Soldiers stand for a moment in silent awe, then
impulsively cast their gold upon the ground.
The FIRST SOLDIER advances to the FRIAR SU-
PERIOR and casts himself at his feet.]*

FIRST SOLDIER

Father, forgive us. We were crazed indeed;
But now the clouds are lifted, and we see.

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

*(his hands uplifted, his countenance radiant
with joy)*

O mighty Spirit, thou whom heaven hath sent
To minister to mortals here on earth,
Accept our blessing for thy words of cheer!
On bended knees we render thanks to Him
Whose messenger thou art. Our way lies clear
Before us; now let all give praise to God!

ALL

His name be praised! Glory to His name!

GOLD

DESTINY

Once rid of Evil Impulse, gold may bear
A blessing, not a curse. For, 't is decreed
Through Nature's gifts shall this fair western land
Contribute to a world's enlightenment.
Her gold shall be man's talisman, to charm
His universe to higher, nobler state
Than man hath visioned. Nature's offspring, Art,
Shall be his guiding-star, to point the way
To him. Through painter's brush, through sculptor's tool,
Through writer's scroll, through music's tuneful charm,

*[As these words are spoken, figures appear on the
hillside representing Music, Letters, Painting,
Sculpture. Each carries a tablet bearing symbols
of the arts.]*

Shall all the noblest thoughts of man retain
The impress of their worth. 'T is art alone
Shall glorify your world; and art shall live
Though man shall die! Mortals, give gold to these,
So may its noble purpose be fulfilled.
The seed restored to earth shall fructify;
Man shall return to gather of its fruit;
And then shall be recalled the prophecy
Of long ago! The dawn of wondrous days
Is nigh; soon shall the veil be torn from eyes
Dimmed with the mist of ages!

THE COMANDANTE

Alas, that I,
A soldier and a man, should fail of heart
At Evil's prompting, that a fantasy,
Of superstition born, should dominate
My very soul so that I all but fell
Before its shadow!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

(*addressing* DESTINY)

Speak, what punishment
Is mine to suffer for my lack of faith?

DESTINY

Soldier, your way lies yonder. Seek it, then.
You serve both God and King, so falter not,
But render service unto both. That done,
Your fault, if fault there was, hath been atoned.
On to your goal!

THE COMANDANTE (*waving his sword*)

On to the goal! On, on!

SOLDIERS (*singing*)

On to the goal! The dawn is nigh;
The star of hope shines in the sky!

FRIARS (*singing*)

Hail, joyous sign from heaven above,
A message of eternal love!

ALL (*singing*)

Hail! Hail! Hail! Our voices rise in greeting!
Hail to the star that guides us on our way!
Shadows of night before the dawn are fleeting;
Soon shall the sun reveal the splendor of the day!
On to the goal our eager feet are pressing,
Hearts beating high, our watchword "God and
King!"
Angels of peace our glorious mission blessing,
Out to the world let our song of triumph ring!

Hail, Alta California, our empire in the west!
Fair land of destiny, on thee our hopes we rest!

GOLD

Nations shall honor thee, men thy fame shall sing;
Hail to California, hail! God and King!

[*As the closing words are sung dawn illumines the sky. At the conclusion of the song of triumph the mortals move in procession up the trail. As they go the heavens brighten intensely, and the entire forest glows with a superb illumination. The woodland folk—the Tree-Spirits, Brook-Spirits, Cave-Spirits and Satyrs—return to their domain. As the mortals disappear in the distance the illumination dies down, the woodland folk vanish, the music ceases and all is still.*

NOTE ON THE MUSIC

By H. J. STEWART

THE PROLOGUE commences with an orchestral prelude, "Elf-Land." This is in *scherzo* form. After a short introduction the principal theme appears:



The "trio" has a quartet for horns:

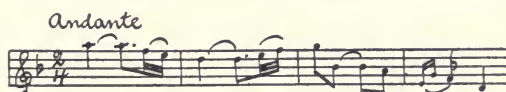


The *suite de ballet*, which follows at once on the Prelude, consists of five numbers:

1. TREE-SPIRITS



2. BROOK-SPIRITS

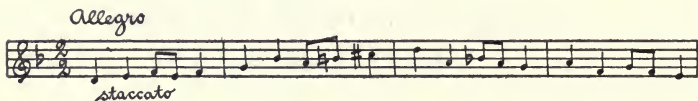


THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

3. CAVE-SPIRITS



4. SATYRS

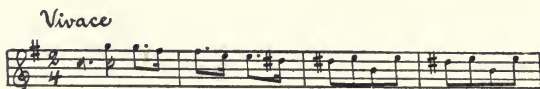


The groups of dancers appear in the above order, each group remaining on the stage after its dance is concluded. All then unite in an ensemble movement:

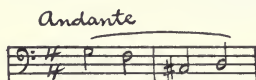


The music accompanying the invocation of the Woodland King is based upon two themes:

(1) the motive of Prayer:



(2) the motive of Love for Humanity:



At the close of the Prologue there is an orchestral intermezzo, descriptive of dawn, and leading by degrees to the full light of day. The first faint glow of dawn is accompanied by the twittering of birds, and presently the main theme appears, played very softly by the trumpet:



GOLD

The music grows in intensity as the sunlight develops, and reaches its climax with the full blaze of daylight.

A suggestion of Indian music accompanies the appearance of the natives:



This is interrupted by the march of the Spaniards, whose trumpets are first heard in the distance. The principal theme of the march is as follows:

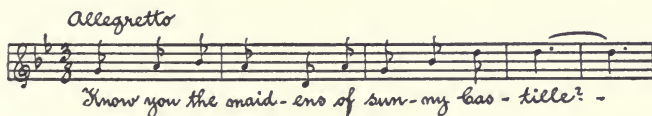


As the exploring party wends its way down the hill-side, the music increases in volume, and when all reach the lower stage, the soldiers sing a chorus:



The Friars gather round the cross, and sing an Ave Maria. This is entirely without accompaniment, and is followed by some short versicles and responses, in Gregorian plain chant.

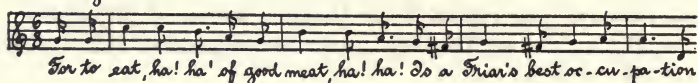
The song of the Spanish soldier, with chorus, in praise of the maids of Castile, is intended to suggest the *seguidilla*, an ancient Spanish dance:



The buffo song of the hungry friar, with chorus, has the following refrain:

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Allegro



Toward the close of the play a quartet of angels is heard in the distance, accompanied very softly by strings and harp:

Andante



The finale is for chorus and full orchestra. It is in two movements:

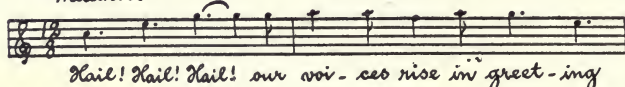
(1) "On to the goal!":

Andante con moto



(2) "Hail! Hail! Hail!":

Maestoso



At the conclusion of the chorus the theme is continued by the orchestra during the illumination of the forest.



THE LAND OF HAPPINESS
FEI-YEN-FAH AND THE FOX-GOD

THE FIFTEENTH GROVE PLAY
[PERFORMED ON THE FOURTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1917]

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

A Music-Drama

BY
CHARLES TEMPLETON CROCKER

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER

JOSEPH D. REDDING

ARGUMENT

IN ANCIENT days in China, Hu, the Fox-God, reigned in terror over mankind. God of unhappiness, he ruled in the Sombre Skies, holding court in the halls of the moon and stars.

For having offended the Supreme Being, he is banished from the Upper World, to spend one hundred years on earth incarcerated in one of his shrines. He may have one day liberty in human form, should a doubter appear before him questioning his authority. Unknown to mortals, the Fox-God is thus imprisoned in the shrine disclosed in the Prologue.

The scene is a grove in a remote part of China, sacred to Hu.

"The sovereign of malignant spirits I."

. . .

"Give me this day on earth, O Lord! One day!"

The Prologue is spoken by Hu, whose voice is heard issuing from the shrine. He chafes at his long confinement, and begs that the doubter appear, that he may have one day of freedom.

ACT I

"Fei-Yen-Fah, my woodland dove."

. . .

"It is the Fox! Oh, save me from his wrath!"

Shi-u-nin, a youth, has just returned from foreign travels. He has been abroad since early childhood. The arrival of Shi-u-nin and his fellow-students is interrupted by Tin-Loi, an ancient scholar, who is horrified at such

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

sacrilege in the grove sacred to the Fox-God. He bids them depart. Wang Loo, the Viceroy, is about to perform a ceremony, and his daughter, Fei-Yen-Fah, will make her vows, dedicated to Hu—a sight so sacred that none may watch. Shi-u-nin remembers Fei-Yen-Fah, and refuses to leave. He hides from the approaching procession. After Wang Loo's ceremony, Fei-Yen-Fah is left alone before the shrine. Shi-u-nin soon makes his presence known. He tells Fei-Yen-Fah of the Land of Happiness, ruled by the fairy goddess, Hsi Wang Mu, who guards the sacred Peach-tree of Immortality. Once the goddess sent a branch of this tree to the emperor, Muh Wang. Her messenger, a dove, dropped a twig while flying over this grove. It fell in the shadow of the shrine and has never grown. "Where'er my temple hides the brilliant sun, nothing thrives." Shi-u-nin begs Fei-Yen-Fah that they pray to Hsi Wang Mu to cause the tree to bear fruit that they may eat of it and become immortal, to live forever in the Land of Happiness. Fei-Yen-Fah is afraid of the Fox-God, whereupon Shi-u-nin defies this deity, and mocks his power. A storm with thunder and lightning ensues, during which Fei-Yen-Fah flees in terror, followed by Shi-u-nin. At the height of the storm, Hu comes forth from out the shrine, rejoicing in his freedom. The doubter has appeared!

ACT II

"Naught knows the well-frog of the ocean deep."

. . .

"Come, light your tapers first from Happiness,
The lamp of fairest destiny."

It is the Feast of *Hoa-Tchao*, Birthday of One Hundred Flowers. The Viceroy, Wang Loo, and his court are gathered at a large banquet table in his gardens. Shi-u-nin tells them of his travels, and of the fortunate lands where there is no Fox. The dignitaries are horrified at such

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

sacrilege. Wang Loo recounts to Shi-u-nin how the latter's father, at the sacrifice of his own life, saved that of the Viceroy in their youthful warrior days. He will repay this debt by giving his daughter to Shi-u-nin, that, as his wife, she may win him back to the faith of his ancestors. Fei-Yen-Fah appears in the dance of *Hoa-Tckao*. She is then left alone with Shi-u-nin. Their love scene is interrupted by a runner, calling for Wang Loo. A large troop is arriving, led by the imperial dragon flag. The procession winds down the hillside, gorgeous in its splendor, escorting a state litter. From it emerges an envoy from the Emperor, who demands Fei-Yen-Fah as bride. Shi-u-nin remonstrates, and is nearly torn to pieces by the outraged mob for daring to dispute a command of the Emperor. The envoy summons his cohorts, the Poppies, in dance. They encircle Fei-Yen-Fah and soon overwhelm her. The envoy embraces her, imprinting upon her lips the kiss of death, and her body falls lifeless at his feet. He now reveals himself as the Fox-God, and disappears with howls of fiendish laughter.

ACT III

"China awakes!"

. . .

"Happiness reigneth in all Cathay!"

Shi-u-nin returns to the sacred grove, lamenting the loss of Fei-Yen-Fah. Tin-Loi tells him of Fei-Yen-Fah's death, caused by the Fox-God, for his daring to defy such a power. In rage, Shi-u-nin sets fire to the shrine. Tin-Loi, in horror, summons the Viceroy. The shrine falls to the ground, an empty ruin. From its ashes arises a glorious peach-tree in full bloom. The spirit of Fei-Yen-Fah emerges from the falling blossoms. Shi-u-nin presses to his lips a peach growing on the tree, and Fei-Yen-Fah leads him upward to the Land of Happiness. This is revealed

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

in a vision of the goddess, Hsi Wang Mu. From her presence a light radiates, which grows stronger and stronger, finally enveloping the world in the triumph of its glory.

The fairy story of Fei-Yen-Fah and Shi-u-nin is not founded on any established tale. It has been the endeavor of the author to weave a plot out of the rich material furnished by the extensive literature of the Chinese in their many legends and characteristic customs.

OUR SINCERE thanks are due to all the members of the Club for their uniform coöperation and enthusiastic support. We wish to express our gratitude to Messrs. Frank L. Mathieu, Edward J. Duffey and Haig Patigian, and to the members of the Jinks Committee for their untiring efforts. The principals, minor characters and our splendid chorus have responded with infinite zeal and industry. We also wish to add a word of thanks to the management of the Club and to the working force.

CHARLES T. CROCKER.
JOSEPH D. REDDING.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SHI-U-NIN, <i>a youth</i>	MR. GEORGE HAMLIN
HU, <i>the Fox-God</i>	MR. R. M. HOTALING
WANG LOO, <i>the viceroy</i>	MR. HENRY A. MELVIN
TIN-LOI, <i>a tutor</i>	MR. CHARLES K. FIELD
FEI-YEN-FAH, <i>daughter of Wang Loo</i>	MASTER KENNETH COOK
FIRST DIGNITARY	MR. CHARLES J. DICKMAN
SECOND DIGNITARY	MR. HARRY FRANCIS
THIRD DIGNITARY	MR. EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO
FOURTH DIGNITARY	MR. F. B. TURPIN
FIFTH DIGNITARY	MR. CHARLES C. TROWBRIDGE
SIXTH DIGNITARY	MR. GEORGE S. GARRITT
A RUNNER	MR. JOSEPH J. MORA
THE FLAG BEARER	MR. DION HOLM
HSI WANG MU, <i>goddess of happiness</i>	MR. FRANK S. MITCHELL

*Students, Priests, Guards of the Viceroy, Chair Bearers,
Insignia Bearers, Shield Bearers, Slaves, State
Litter Bearers, Handmaidens, Lilies,
Poppies, Celestial Beings, etc.*

PLACE: The Prologue—Before the Temple of Hu, in a remote part of China. Act I—The Grove of the Fox Temple. Act II—The private gardens of Wang Loo. Act III—The same as Act I.

TIME: Legendary.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Production directed by MR. FRANK L. MATHIEU.

Setting and costumes designed by MR. HAIG PATIGIAN.

Properties designed and executed by DR. HARRY P. CARLTON and
MR. HARRY S. FONDA.

Lighting by MR. EDWARD J. DUFFEY.

• • •

Musical Director, MR. JOSEPH D. REDDING.

Chorus Master, MR. E. D. CRANDALL.

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

A Music-Drama

THE PROLOGUE

After a musical prelude, the dark interior of a shrine in the Temple of HU, the Fox-Spirit, is revealed. The temple is in a densely wooded grove, at the foot of a hillside, in a remote part of China. HU, condemned for an offense against the supreme deity to spend one hundred years imprisoned in his shrine, is dimly seen writhing in impatience at his confinement.

HU

One hundred years impounded have I been
For having doubted once the Lord of All;
Offending when I ruled in Sombre Skies
The patience of divine authority.
I therefore am compelled to cool my zeal
Entombed within this golden earthly shrine.
The sovereign of malignant spirits I!
From jasper throne I knew and saw this world
Where mortals lived in constant fear of me
As rats, beneath the altar of my might!
Now must I crouch and watch them supplicate
With paltry gifts, and prayers of terror born.
Poor fools! I thrive on grief; I crave their woe;
I quaff with greed their sorrow-laden tears.
In vain they seek my favor. Cringing man!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

My stealthy shadow drifts behind his trail.
No place where I am not! Strong as the sun,
In all my dreaded force I rule the world!
One hundred years imprisoned now am I.
And yet this dismal spot suits well my mood.
There are no birds. Those cheerful messengers,
Bred in the Land of Happiness, here find
Their melodies are choked within their throats.
I hear but music of the gibbon's howl!
My sole companion is the bird of gloom,
The owl, grim harbinger of death itself!
Incarcerated thus, yet have I power,
Where'er my temple hides the brilliant sun,
To shrivel all that grows inside that spot.
Behold the sorry emblem of man's hope—
The Peach of Happiness! Within my shade,
No blossoms sprout upon that withered tree.
I am supreme! And yet my spirit chafes.
Since ninety years and nine within this jail,
Confined yet unsubdued, I cry aloud
For strength to burst aside these golden walls.
The canker of stagnation gnaws my soul!
Alas, imprisoned thus my might is gone
Beyond the baneful shadow of these walls.

[The grove surrounding the temple is now revealed.]

O Lord of Stars! O Master of the Night!
Fulfill thy promise made on dooming me
To banishment! Give me the day on earth
Pledged me should a scoffing doubter come.
One day of freedom grant, should he deny
My majesty, controlling death and life!
His friends will fill the Bloody Pond of Hell
And he will live, a prey to misery!
Give me this day on earth, O Lord! One day!

ACT I

The Grove of the Fox Temple. A group of Students enters.

STUDENTS (*singing*)

Welcome, Shi-u-nin, welcome home!
Welcome home to the land of thy sire!
No more to roam—welcome home!
Land of thy heart's desire.
Land of thy noble sire!

[SHI-U-NIN *enters*.

SHI-U-NIN

Once more I breathe the scented hills,
The playground of my youth.
My heart returns to childhood days.
Home, home, my being thrills
To hear those magic words, "my home"!

STUDENTS

Ah! those magic words!
We breathe the scented hills,
The playground of our youth.
Our hearts return to childhood days,—
Home, my home.

[*The Students gather around* SHI-U-NIN.

STUDENTS

Long life to thee, O Shi-u-nin.

[TIN-LOI *is seen coming down a road on the hillside, nervously and somewhat excited. He stops at intervals.*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

TIN-LOI

Who dares to speak of happiness? Who dares
To rouse the Fox's wrath with words of joy?
The night-owl hoots of death! Within this grove
The butterfly becomes the white-winged crow.
Beware the god of sorrow, Hu, the Fox!

SHI-U-NIN

This god of sorrow—

TIN-LOI

Where hast thou lived?

[*He recognizes SHI-U-NIN. They embrace.*

Shi-u-nin, my noble boy!
Long weary years have ploughed their furrows deep
Upon this ancient brow, since thou didst leave
Thy father's land to journey far beyond
The four encompassing seas. How fared ye all
Among the strange red-haired barbarians?
But no! I have forgot. Another time—
Ye must away!

SHI-U-NIN

Why should I leave this friendly shade?

TIN-LOI

The Viceroy comes! Wang Loo shall offer prayer.
His daughter, having reached the age of light,
Will make her virgin vows before the shrine
Of mighty Hu, the Fox, and thus appease
His wrath. Ye must be off! Away, away!

[*TIN-LOI drives the Students away. SHI-U-NIN remains.*

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

STUDENTS (*in distance*)

Long life to thee, O Shi-u-nin!

SHI-U-NIN

Sweet Fei-Yen-Fah! My childhood love! His daughter!

TIN-LOI

Not stay, thou must be off! Thou shalt

SHI-U-NIN

I will remain!

TIN-LOI

Defy the mighty god? Oppose the Fox?
Beware his wrath! No mortal eye may watch
Her act devout. Come! Come!

SHI-U-NIN

I will remain!

TIN-LOI

As well talk to the butterfly of snow!
Evil will come of this. Alas, alas!

[TIN-LOI rushes off in despair. SHI-U-NIN conceals himself behind a large tree. There is heard a loud trumpet blast in the distance. Two Priests of the Fox Temple enter, and place lights upon the altar before the shrine. They are followed by eight Priests chanting, who are followed in turn by ten others who repeat the chant.]

PRIESTS

Nan-mo O-mi-to po-ye,
To-ta-kia to-ye,
To-ti-ye-ta O-mi-li-to po-kwan,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

O-mi-li-to,
Sieh-tan-po-kwan,
O-mi-li-to,
Kwan-kia-lan-ti O-mi-li-to,
Kwan-kia-lan-ti;
Kia-mi-ni kia-kia-na,
Chih-to-kia-li po-po-ho.

[*The Priests perform a preliminary ceremony, decorating the altar as they sing.*]

PRIESTS (*singing*)

Behold, who comes in modesty demure;
It is his daughter, Fei-Yen-Fah.
Light ev'ry altar lamp with incense rarest,
Fill golden jars with fruit and blossoms fairest.
Behold, who comes in gentle modesty;
A maiden offers prayer to thee.

[*The Bearer of the Fan of State enters, followed by the Viceroy's empty chair, borne by attendants, and six Dignitaries.*]

Hail to thee, O mighty, mighty potentate!
O mighty, mighty potentate, we salute thee!
Our heads upon the earth we kiss thy sacred feet!

[*WANG LOO, the Viceroy, enters, preceded by two trumpeters and the Bearer of the Umbrella of State, and followed by his Imperial Guard.*]

Hail Wang Loo! Long life to thy command!
Hail Bright Star of Dewy Morning Land!
May the god of war, victories decide;
May the god of land and of grain provide.
Jewelled greetings ever we bear thee,
Banners descend from heaven to bless thee.
Honor and joys unnumbered are thy due,
Mighty Wang Loo! Mighty Wang Loo!

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

[WANG LOO *performs a brief ceremony before the shrine, then seats himself in his chair, and addresses the assemblage.*

WANG LOO

The water-clock of life for me hath dripped
Till almost dry. I soon shall be released;
My fathers call me to their heavenly home.
No son hath come to bear my princely name;
No son hath come to worship at my tomb!
Yet I've a child who dwells within my heart.
My daughter, Fei-Yen-Fah, hath reached the age
Of light, and custom calls her to observe
The solemn rites before the shrine of Hu.

[FEI-YEN-FAH *and her Handmaidens enter. They make obeisance before* WANG LOO.

WANG LOO

As blossoms sprout upon a rugged branch
So thou wert born, O tiny bud of mine!
Slow ripening in the sun of early years,
As pure as Lan-Tien jade, a flower now
About to stretch thy petals to this world—
A world of sin, of sorrow. Happiness
We only have in furtive moments few,
When Hu, the Fox-God, turns aside his wrath.
Since ever children first their fathers knew
This god hath ruled our hearts and held domain,
We pray to him to spare us misery.
As yet thou know'st him not. He only seeks
For victims in this world of mortals free
Who, knowing happiness is not his will,
Yet stray beyond his jealous majesty.

(to the Handmaidens)

Bring forth the robe. Invest this figure pure

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

With royal silk—the ceremonial dress!

[*The Handmaidens place a long flowing robe over FEI-YEN-FAH's shoulders. She prostrates herself before WANG LOO.*

My child, my Fei-Yen-Fah, kneel, pray to him
To keep thee throughout life and spare thee woe.
Remember, as a fly sees blood, so Hu
Scents odor of repugnant happiness.

[*Embracing FEI-YEN-FAH, WANG LOO takes his leave with all the others. FEI-YEN-FAH kneels before the shrine and commences her prayer. SHI-U-NIN, who has been watching her from behind a tree, is entranced.*

FEI-YEN-FAH

Mighty Hu, hear my vow, mighty Hu!

SHI-U-NIN (*singing*)

Fei-Yen-Fah, my woodland dove,
Dare I tell to thee my love?
Red thy lips as ruby rings,
Small thy feet as fairy wings,
Fair thy cheek as light above;
Fei-Yen-Fah, my woodland dove.

FEI-YEN-FAH (*singing*)

Mighty Hu! Grant my prayer, hear my vow!

SHI-U-NIN

Hear the songsters herald spring
As they carol, trill, and sing;
On the faintly breathing wind
Each a playmate seeks to find.

FEI-YEN-FAH

What voice breaks on my ear?



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "THE LAND OF HAPPINESS"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

Can it be the Spirit?
Ah, I dare not listen!

SHI-U-NIN

Chain thy throbbing heart now free,
Sweeter far than liberty.
Yield thyself to happiness!
Veil thy face with my caress!

FEI-YEN-FAH

In thine eyes I behold the light divine,
The light of love.

[SHI-U-NIN *leads* FEI-YEN-FAH *by the hand to the pool. She kneels.*

SHI-U-NIN

I heard thy prayer, O trusting Fei-Yen-Fah!
A nestling thou, just fluttering to the ground,
Must thou implore the Fox-God in his lair?
No, no, thy waking heart is tuned to love;
The music of thy soul is happiness;
Thou art a petal of the purest rose
Grown in the fairyland of Hsi Wang Mu.

FEI-YEN-FAH

I have been taught to fear the Fox-God's power.
How dare I listen to thy tender words?

SHI-U-NIN

Far in the west toward the setting sun
In a land of gold, of cloudless sky,
Are flowery slopes of Mount Kwen Lun
Immortal lovers occupy.
There, is a forest of chrysoprased,
Surrounding gardens of many gems,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Where emerald lawns in flowers blaze,
Jewelled, with slender crystal stems.
Near by, is the palace of jadestone wrought,
Where the blessed goddess of happiness dwells;
Built with loving smile and thought
By faithful fairy sentinels.
In a secret court, in a rose-twined bower,
And guarded by gates of porphyry,
Grows the Peach that gives her greatest power,
The gift of Immortality.
Here rules the goddess, Hsi Wang Mu,
As queen, her scepter, cheerfulness;
Welcoming there all lovers true
For this is the Land of Happiness.
Wishing to honor once a king,
She sent a dove through the empty sky
With coral feet and azure wing,
Bearing a Peach of Eternity.
On flying high above this grove,
A crow the feathered page pursued;
A twig fluttered down from the sky above
And fell in the shadow of solitude.

FEI-YEN-FAH

Beware the shadow of solitude, Shi-u-nin!

SHI-U-NIN

In the shade of the shrine it has never grown,
Dry as if swept by scorching heat.
Let us pray to Hsi Wang Mu to crown
The withered boughs with blossoms sweet;
That we may find upon the tree
A Peach of Immortality.

[He starts to lead her toward the tree. She shrinks back.]

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

FEI-YEN-FAH

Beware the mantle dark that sweeps the ground;
That signal of the Fox-God's evil power!

SHI-U-NIN

The light of happiness shines on the world,
To dazzle sombre thoughts of fear and woe.
Doth not Tai Yaong, the great male star, the sun,
Yet gladden all he smileth on? Tremble not!

FEI-YEN-FAH

Shi-u-nin, I am afraid. . . .

SHI-U-NIN

Of what, the dark?

There is no god to mould our timid minds
Unto his evil pleasure, nor a god
To quench the happiness within our hearts!

(addressing the shrine)

O thou invisible monster feared by all!
Thy might is but a dream of shallow minds.
I fear thee not! I scoff thy brainless power,
A fancied rule of empty nothingness!
I scorn thy work—thy cursèd sway defy!

[There is a crash of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning.]

FEI-YEN-FAH

It is the Fox! Oh! save me from his wrath!

SHI-U-NIN

The god of thunder calls the god of rain
To wet the parchèd soil.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

FEI-YEN-FAH

Ah, Shi-u-nin, I've disobeyed my father!

[She runs up to a point on the lower hillside.]

SHI-U-NIN

Fei-Yen-Fah! Fei-Yen-Fah!

FEI-YEN-FAH

Oh, save me from the vengeance of the Fox!

Save me, Shi-u-nin.

[She falls to her knees.]

I have seen happiness!

[She runs off in terror.]

SHI-U-NIN (*following her*)

Fei-Yen-Fah, my Fei-Yen-Fah!

Fei-Yen-Fah, my Fei-Yen-Fah!

[There is more thunder and lightning. Again the voice of the Fox-Spirit is heard from within the shrine.]

HU

An outrage to my power, O Sovereign Lord!

Such happiness I cannot bear! Free me!

The doubter has appeared. He mocks my might!

The rod of evil trembles in my grasp!

Release me for one day! One day alone!

So thou hast promised me!

[He appears in front of the shrine clothed as a human being, but with a fox mask over his features.]

Keep on, O god of thunder, child of mine!

Keep on, O lightning queen, with shafts of thine!

O Wind and Rain, my minions, here am I,

Once more to govern in the Sombre Sky.

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

Again Death's cold and glassy stare will see
My path triumphant choked with misery.
For I am free again! Oh, woe to him—
This mortal who would brave my vengeance grim!
I'll kill his love, destroy his life! Distress
Shall feed on rotting bones of Happiness!

ACT II

The private gardens of WANG LOO, the Viceroy. The Feast of Hoa-Tchao, Birthday of One Hundred Flowers, is being celebrated. The gardens are gay with flowering shrubs and blossoming trees. It is evening and many lanterns are strung through the trees. A large prayer-gate on an elevation indicates the entrance to the Viceroy's palace. From the gate, a bridge over a waterfall leads to the lower level. On one side is a long banquet table, at which the Viceroy and Dignitaries are seated. Back of them stand insignia bearers and the Guard of the Viceroy. On the other side is a platform for musicians, decorated with blossoms and flowers. On a higher level stands a large service table, covered with food and wine.

[SHI-U-NIN and a group of Students are standing before the Viceroy's table. SHI-U-NIN is telling of his travels.]

SHI-U-NIN

Our eager caravel approached the shore
And o'er the water borne on perfumed wind
Came music strange but beautiful. In soft
Caress it touched our souls. That richer dusk
Of burnished gold revealed a harbor safe.
We were made welcome by new friends who lived
Unmindful of a Fox's haunting curse.

FIRST DIGNITARY (*rising*)

What says the youth?

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

SECOND DIGNITARY (*rising*)

He will be damned!

WANG LOO (*rising*)

Peace, peace!

SHI-U-NIN

They labored for a future most secure
In building roads through all the empty land;
In raising legions for a foe still friend;
Constructing vessels both for trade and war;
And, molelike, ever digging in the ground
For vast and hidden treasure, else concealed.
No evil Fox appeared to cross their path!

THIRD DIGNITARY (*rising*)

I'll hear no more!

FOURTH DIGNITARY (*rising*)

What sacrilege!

FIFTH DIGNITARY (*rising*)

He climbs a tree to hunt for fish!

SIXTH DIGNITARY (*rising*)

This desecration bodes no good!

WANG LOO (*rising*)

Peace, peace, my noble friends, and let him speak!

[*The Dignitaries and WANG LOO resume their seats.*]

STUDENTS

Tell them, O Shi-u-nin, tell of the land
Where happiness reigns ever—of the land
Where ev'ry heart its fondest wish attains.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

SHI-U-NIN

Aye, let me speak! Give heed to this the truth!
Naught knows the well-frog of the ocean deep.
Toad-like, and plunged in sleep of years gone by,
Ye lead the lives of your ancestors. Shame!
"Do nothing and all will be done." Alas!
Rise from your moss-grown beds. Away with dreams!
The imperial sceptre trembles in your grasp.
Beware! Discard this gyve, this unseen god!
There is no ivory in the mouth of rats!
Oh! light your tapers first from happiness,
The lamp of fairest fortune!

THE DIGNITARIES

(rising angrily and shaking their fists)

Blasphemy!

SHI-U-NIN

Disperse this cloud, this myth of fancied fears!
Enjoy the wonder world of nature! Wake!
Your prayers are born of fear. There is no Fox!
Ope your hearts to love!
Our God is one of love and happiness.
Fear shall be conquered by faith and love.

STUDENTS

Ope your hearts to love!
Love and happiness, this is our faith.
Conquer by faith, conquer by love!

ALL

O great Wang Loo, he hath defied the Fox!
O horror! Horror!

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

WANG LOO (*waving all to their seats*)

Great Hu hath ruled below since first Pan Koo
Did carve the earth and make it fit for man
To walk upon. He rules in majesty.
Our future is but subject to his whim.
Seek not to change our faith. It is rock-ribbed
And holds supreme against the test of time!

[*The Dignitaries signify their approval. WANG LOO approaches SHI-U-NIN and places his hand upon his shoulder.*

Thou hast the spirit of thy noble sire.
Thy father was my most devoted friend.

SHI-U-NIN

My sacred and indulgent father! Yea!

WANG LOO

Long years ago, at war with alien tribes,
Together went we forth our homes to save.
The battle's fury raged about us twain.
O'erpowered was I, thy father sprang between—
His heart received the arrow aimed at mine!
Upon the altar of our brotherhood
He laid his life that I might live. A debt
Therefore I owe unto his sacred name.
And hark ye, China doth repay her debts!
My daughter is the blossom of my heart.
To-day in flowering womanhood she comes,
The dance of Hoa-Tchao to perform.
It is the Birthday of One Hundred Flowers.
Thou lovest Fei-Yen-Fah, brave Shi-u-nin?
Now may she guide thee to thy father's faith!
We do consent our child shall be thy wife!

[*All cheer. SHI-U-NIN kneels to WANG LOO.*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

SHI-U-NIN

Fei-Yen-Fah!

WANG LOO (*to himself*)

The debt is paid. My child, my Fei-Yen-Fah!

[Arousing himself with the greatest vigor, he claps his hands.]

Bid Fei-Yen-Fah appear! The dance of Hoa-Tchao!

[There is great movement. Banquet tables are removed, and new groups formed. The musicians on the platform commence to play. A large silver lily is carried on by four black slaves. FEI-YEN-FAH steps forth clad as a white lily. She begins the dance, in which she is joined by a group of Lilies who appear from various bushes. At the end of the dance, FEI-YEN-FAH and SHI-U-NIN are together. WANG LOO, with a gesture, summons his court to the palace, where he has prepared additional entertainment. All but FEI-YEN-FAH and SHI-U-NIN go out.]

SHI-U-NIN (*singing*)

Fei-Yen-Fah, my woodland dove,
I have dared to tell my love.
Fair thy cheek as light above,
Fei-Yen-Fah, my woodland dove.
Fairer than light above,
Thou shalt be my only love.
With every merry humming song,
I have joined this lover's throng.
Fei-Yen-Fah, for thee I long.

FEI-YEN-FAH (*singing*)

Again my timid heart is thrilled, Shi-u-nin!

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

By magic of thy voice.
I saw thee oft among the flowers,
And heard thy melody
Float from the summer's breath.
My heart endures as heaven above!
With every merry song
I would join this lover's throng,
In prayer for thee alone.
Thou art my star of happiness,
Shi-u-nin, my only love!

[*A RUNNER appears from the hillside, calling for the Viceroy. A crowd comes on, attracted by his cries. WANG LOO and court appear from the palace entrance. He comes down and sits in a thronelike chair. During this scene the March of the Envoy develops.*

WANG LOO

Why this commotion? By our gods, speak out!

THE RUNNER

Wang Loo, O Benefactor of the Age!
There comes from out the north a mighty troop
Of ninefold splendor—slaves and warriors
As plentiful as melon seeds in June!

WANG LOO

And who comes thus attended?

THE RUNNER

We know not—

A stranger prince, of grim and haughty mien,
Led by the imperial dragon-flag!

ALL

The imperial dragon-flag!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[There is a murmur of awe. With one accord all, with arms outstretched, turn to the hillside, acclaiming in great chorus.]

May the Emperor live ten thousand years!

Ten thousand years!

Ten times ten thousand years!

[The FLAG BEARER carrying the imperial flag appears on the hillside at the head of a great procession. All prostrate themselves as the troop winds down the path, gorgeous in splendor, lights, and music. In the procession are gong-beaters; slaves with chests; swordsmen; bearers of insignia, shields, lanterns, flags, and lances; a State Litter. A ceremonious presentation of the gifts brought out of the chests takes place.]

THE FLAG BEARER

Before the five-clawed Dragon, prostrate fall!

Lord of Five Lakes, Four Seas, Giver of Rain,

He is the symbol of your mighty king!

Salute the flag! Thrice shall ye knock your heads!

[All kowtow.]

ALL

Hail! Hail!

[The doors of the State Litter are opened and Hu steps forth. He is clothed as when first seen, but without the fox's head.]

HU

I am the envoy of the Emperor!

[All kowtow. The influence of Hu's personality is tremendous, and FEI-YEN-FAH is visibly under his spell during the following scene.]

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

The Son of Heaven, World-Honored, Lofty One,
Imperially greets his faithful friend.
To thee with royal grace we send these gifts.

WANG LOO

With reverence these favors I accept.

[*The slaves with gifts go out. Hu unrolls a large scroll and reads.*]

HU

Our seventh year, in spring, the second moon.
From Gates of Heavenly Purity, all hail!
Long life to thee, Wang Loo, distinguished prince!
Our eye, since it can pierce one thousand miles,
Confirms the whisperings breathed in our ear.
Thou hast an only child, a virgin maid
As beautiful as queenly Ho Seen Koo.
Her eyes reflect the limpid autumn waves;
Her feet in dainty tread scarce brush the earth;
Her slender waist is like the willow-tree.
In sooth, such beauty must adorn our court.
It is our pleasure that your child shall come
As bride of our august ambassador.

[*All fall on knees with heads to the ground.*]

ALL

Fei-Yen-Fah!

WANG LOO

But dust am I beneath the imperial foot!
One sun in heaven, emperor one on earth!
In reverence I bow my worthless head,
Impelled by reasons hundred fold and more.
Bring forth the incense burners, light them all!
Let fragrance wafted through the summer night
Proclaim this honor brought upon our house!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

ALL

Ah! Ah!

HU

Fair as the jewel in the lotus bloom,
Draw near, that I may feast my hungry eyes!

SHI-U-NIN (*rushing forward*)

No, no, since childhood days our love we knew—
I claim my right!

THE DIGNITARIES (*horrifed*)

Defy the Emperor? Sacrilege!

TIN-LOI

What folly seizes you, O Shi-u-nin!
A star to face the moon?
Thou canst not thwart one born of heaven.
My boy, my boy, I tremble for thee!

SHI-U-NIN

Is Fei-Yen-Fah a puppet then,
For sale to highest bidder?

STUDENTS

Hark thou, great Wang Loo!

SHI-U-NIN

I bring her youth, and love and happiness!

STUDENTS

Happiness, youth and love.

SHI-U-NIN

I pray thee fulfill thy pledge to me.

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

STUDENTS

Fulfill thy pledge! Fulfill thy pledge!

SHI-U-NIN

My father's greatest friend!

STUDENTS

His father's greatest friend!

WANG LOO

Commands from heaven must be obeyed.

[SHI-U-NIN *faces HU in defiance.*

SHI-U-NIN

I do defy this stranger grim!

Who is this hawk who flies by night?

HU

Thou soon shalt know!

By the ten kings of hell, begone!

[*The Dignitaries and crowd hustle SHI-U-NIN and the Students off, with cries of "Away with him!"*
TIN-LOI *follows, wringing his hands.*

SHI-U-NIN (*from the distance*)

Fei-Yen-Fah! Fei-Yen-Fah!

HU

Come nearer, child! Let me enjoy thy beauty—

Thy virgin cheeks by only moonbeams kissed;

Thy lips, the dove's heart-blood, await mine own;

Thy dawning breasts are eggshell bowls of wine!

Come nearer! Let me hold thee, Fei-Yen-Fah!

Dost hear my dreamy flowers calling thee!

[*Slowly, a number of red Poppies drift down from*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

the hillside. They encircle FEI-YEN-FAH in their dance, which grows wilder and wilder. HU stands on the lower hillside above the dancers. When the dance ends he speaks.

HU

Come, my Fei-Yen-Fah!
Thou art mine forevermore.

[He rushes into the circle of dancers, where FEI-YEN-FAH stands like a frightened fawn. He takes her in his arms and crushes her to him. As he does so his fox's face is revealed. He kisses her and she falls dead at his feet. He breaks into howls of laughter.]

HU

And now, bold Shi-u-nin!
Dost thou still doubt the power of the Fox?
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

[HU and the Poppies now disappear in the darkness with echoes of their laughter. The Lilies come in timidly. They place their flowers around the body of FEI-YEN-FAH. WANG LOO kneels at her feet.]

WANG LOO

It is the Fox's curse, my little Fei-Yen-Fah!

INTERMEZZO—"THE SPIRIT OF FEI-YEN-FAH"

ACT III

The Grove of the Fox Temple. HU is seen in front of the doors of the shrine.

HU

O Lord of All, my day on earth is spent.
I've wallowed in the haunts of Hsi Wang Mu
Destroying as of old that happiness
Which fills my belly with the seeds of hate!
Unconquerable am I, and still supreme!
My dormant slaves now soon will prowl the earth
As retribution for my punishment.
Grim sullen war shall fill the empty fields
With stinking, swollen dead. Starvation, too,
And Pestilence, her kin, will gorge their fill
On ruined crops and seasons dry. At last
All hungry graves with coffins shall be choked—
A banquet for my servant, Death!

[He disappears into the shrine. SHI-U-NIN's voice is heard in the distance.]

SHI-U-NIN (*singing*)

O Love of mine, O Fei-Yen-Fah!
Thy beauty like yon star
Received its light from heaven above;
Thou wert too pure for love.
O Fei-Yen-Fah, my Fei-Yen-Fah, my Fei-Yen-Fah!

[He appears on the lower hillside.]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

The nightingale my love bemoans
In soft and mournful tones;
The stars are dimmed in misty tears,
The world my heartache hears.
My heartache hears, my love, my life,
My own, my guiding star! My Fei-Yen-Fah!

[*He descends.*]

With tears I grieve, and bleeding heart
That fate should bid us part.
There is a land for lovers true—
The land of Hsi Wang Mu.
O Fei-Yen-Fah, my Fei-Yen-Fah, my Fei-Yen-Fah!

[*TIN-LOI enters. He finds SHI-U-NIN seated with bowed head.*]

TIN-LOI

My boy, my Shi-u-nin!
The ambassador was Hu, the Fox, himself!
Sweet Fei-Yen-Fah is gone to his domain.
Her life hath paid the debt of thy disdain
Of China's faith. Repent, or thou art lost!

SHI-U-NIN

No, no! Her body smirched by his foul touch,
Her soul took wings unsullied to the stars.
The goddess, Hsi Wang Mu, hath called my love.
My bride, with virgin dower, awaits me there.

(*approaching the shrine*)

Foul fiend! Thou spirit of relentless woe!
Thou snarling beast! Thy poisonous fangs
Rip joy from out our hearts,
To gorge thy noxious paunch.
What is thy power but ignorance
Of craven fools who fall beneath thy sway?

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

TIN-LOI ~

(*grasping SHI-U-NIN around the knees*)

Quick, offer meats! A bullock roasted whole
With wine, and candles burned before the shrine!

[SHI-U-NIN *brushes TIN-LOI aside and he falls to earth. He runs up to a brazier, and, grasping from it a burning brand, holds it aloft.*

SHI-U-NIN

Take heed, thou pig of spirits, incense-smoked!
I fear thee not! No more our land shall feel
Thy cloven foot upon her tender breast.
I will burn thy sty and smoke thee out, to prowl
Forever more the pathless walks of night!

[HE *holds the burning brand aloft. TIN-LOI rises and rushes off, wringing his hands. SHI-U-NIN sets fire to the shrine.*

TIN-LOI

Wang Loo! Wang Loo!

[WANG LOO *and all appear. There is thunder and lightning.*

ALL (*mumbling in prayer*)

Almighty Hu, O save us from thy wrath.

[*The thunder and lightning continues.*

Accept our gifts. Destroy us not, O Hu!

[*The shrine disappears in a great sheet of flame. Intense darkness ensues.*

SHI-U-NIN

China, awake! Hu, the Fox, is gone!
Free from his curse live ye forevermore.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Lift up your voice, to the goddess divine!
Hsi Wang Mu, pæans of praise are thine!
Fear no longer holds his sway;
Love triumphant shines to-day.
Happiness reigneth in all Cathay!

[*He falls prostrate.*]

ALL

What says the youth, can it be true?
Where is thy power, Almighty Hu?
Almighty Hu, Almighty Hu!
Show us the light, great goddess, Hsi Wang Mu!
Hsi Wang Mu!

[*A soft light begins to appear where the shrine had stood. As the light becomes stronger, a glorious peach-tree is revealed in full blossom.*]

China awakes! China awakes! China awakes!
China awakes! Hu, the Fox, is gone!
Free from his curse live we forevermore!
We lift our voice to the goddess divine!
Hsi Wang Mu, pæans of praise are thine!
Fear no longer holds his sway,
Love triumphant shines to-day.
Happiness reigneth in all Cathay!

[*A shower of blossoms falls from the peach-tree, and out of it appears the spirit of FEI-YEN-FAH. She assists SHI-U-NIN to his feet.*]

The tree behold! Tree of Immortal Life!
Welcome vision bright! Welcome vision bright!
Hail! Hail! Hail!
The tree behold, all hail!

[*FEI-YEN-FAH points upward, where a shaft of light reveals four Celestial Beings, seated on high. She leads SHI-U-NIN up the hillside.*]

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

SHI-U-NIN (*singing*)

Fei-Yen-Fah, belovèd, lead,
Lead the way. Heaven's voices
Are calling thee, calling thee;
Lead the way!

[*The vision of HSI WANG MU, the goddess of love and happiness, now appears above the Celestial Beings. A light that seems to radiate from her person, grows stronger and stronger, finally illuminating the whole countryside in its glory.*]

ALL (*singing*)

China awakes! Hu, the Fox, is gone!
Free from his curse live we forevermore.
We lift our voice to the goddess divine.
Hsi Wang Mu, pæans of praise are thine!
Fear no longer holds his sway,
Love triumphant shines to-day.
Happiness reigneth in all Cathay!

NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY JOSEPH D. REDDING

THE SCENE of the story is laid in ancient China, to which the youth, Shi-u-nin, returns proclaiming the life, the virtues and the point of view of the people of another land which he has visited.

This permits the oriental and occidental forms of music to be placed in contrast throughout the work.

The uniqueness of the Chinese percussion instruments has been recognized and employed in several modern scores; but, as far as we are advised, the great dramatic values which the Chinese have obtained from time immemorial in the employment of many and varied accents of percussion seem hitherto never to have been brought to the attention of what we are pleased to call our modern world. Again there is a marked quaintness and lilt to the thematic material which the Chinese construct upon the five-toned scale. Their music is very definite, very accurate; it is nowise lacking in technical form and development.

By repetition, imitation and rhythmic counterpoint, they intensify the dramatic effect of their themes and always with the strictest attention to tempo and rhythm.

Their harmonic structure is confined to the chord of the added sixth, which, with the super-tonic, becomes a five-toned or pentatonic scale.

The Chinese sing only in solo or in unison, never in part or choral form. It is in the final scene, when Shi-u-nin has brought about the miracle destroying the

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

ancient temple of bigotry and fear and bringing into full bloom the Tree of Eternal Life, that China awakes—and the entire chorus breaks forth into full harmony and hails the new Land of Happiness.

The Prologue opens as follows:

Allegro, the spirit of the *Fire is discovered* *imprisoned within the*

Marcato, con eleganza

Temple - His form is seen in a half-light, slender & mystic

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! *Ha! Ha!*

ff *f* *p* *nall.*

Old China is typified in the opening strains of the March of the Viceroy:

con forza marcato

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

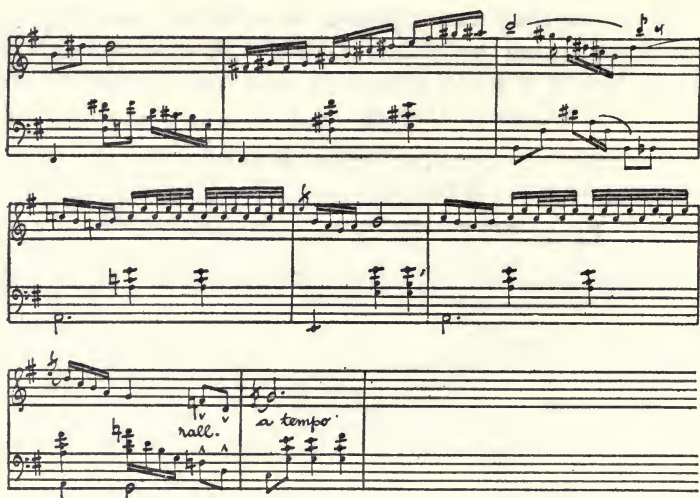
Whenever the viceroy speaks he is accompanied by the orchestra playing the following themes, scored as delicately as possible, in order to produce a tone color similar to that heard in the Chinese theatre.

The first musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, also in 2/4 time. The middle staff includes the tempo marking *Molto bass ben marcato* and a dynamic marking *p*. The bottom staff includes the marking *tr. Trombone, drum*. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and rests.

The music of Fei-Yen-Fah, the daughter of the viceroy, while based on the Chinese scale, is extended into the modern, to illustrate the sweetness of her character.

The second musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, also in 2/4 time. The tempo marking *Moderato* is placed above the first staff, and *Allegretto* is placed above the second staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and rests.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



The love duet between Shi-u-nin and Fei-Yen-Fah is a mixture of both the oriental and occidental scales.



THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

Fah *Fei - yen - Fah* *Fei - yen - Fah* *my wood land*
Fei - yen - Fah *Orchestra*
Mighty Ku
dove *Dare I tell* *to thee my love* *Red thy*
mighty Ku *Orchestra* *Here I kneel*

The following is a fragment of the solo of Shi-u-nin, telling of the Land of Happiness:

Set-ting sun *In a land* *of cloud-les*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

shy are flow'ry dells of

This musical score is for a piece titled "The Poppy Dance". It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "shy are flow'ry dells of". The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a bass line.

The Poppy Dance is intended to be gruesome, but with well-defined theme and rhythm:

Mancato Moderato

This section of the score is marked "Mancato Moderato". It consists of four systems of piano music, each with a right hand and a left hand. The key signature remains three flats, and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a variety of chords and melodic lines, including some with triplets and syncopation.

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

Shi-u-nin rails at the temple in the third act:

(Shi-u-nin rising with vigor)

con moto

No, No! No, No

Her body

smirched by his foul touch, Her soul took wings unwill'd to the

lento

O love of mine, O Fay-yen. Tah, Thy

beam-ty like you star

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

The final chorus is given in full harmony:

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in 4/8 time and consists of two systems of three staves each. The lyrics are written below the Soprano staff.

System 1:

- Soprano:** Fear no long - er holds his sway Love tri -
- Alto:** (Chords and single notes)
- Bass:** (Chords and single notes)

System 2:

- Soprano:** umph and shines to day Hap - pi - ness reign - eth in all cath -
- Alto:** (Chords and single notes)
- Bass:** (Chords and single notes)





